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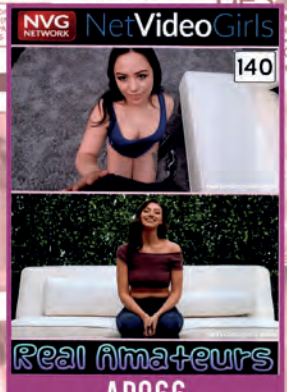

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EDITORIAL Volume 38 Issue 11

They say sorry is the hardest word, but 'they' haven't tried to spell 'anti-disestabli... oh, fuck it'. No, goodbye is the hardest word, as it brings a tear to the eye of this particular proud editor. I'm off to run the rule over some of our other top scruff periodicals, leaving you in the capable hands of a man who is equally good at porn but slightly better at cricket. My words, not his. It's been a proud pleasure to serve your penises for the past few years. Don't expect *Club* to get any less sexy – The Ed. ♣

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There's loads more filth at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 2 Archer Street, London W1D 7AW or email *clubint@paulraymond.com*. Best letter published every month gets £50

STRAW POLE

Many thanks for printing the pictures of Bel in your last issue – they took me right back to the first and the most amazing fuck of my life! My cousins have a farm in Poland, and I used to spend a lot of time there before I came to this country. There was a man who worked on the farm who had a beautiful daughter, but I was too shy to talk to her. Luckily for me she wasn't shy, because one day I saw her over by the barn, beckoning to me to come over.

When I did she just held my hand and led me inside before kissing me. I couldn't believe what was happening, but she was clearly horny, and it wasn't long before she was sucking my dick. I wanted to fuck her, but when I tried to get her to lie down she was a bit reluctant.

"I can't take any risks," she said, and I realised that she was worried about getting pregnant. However, she must have been feeling incredibly horny, because after a pause she added; "It will have to be up the bum." So that's what happened – my first ever fuck, and it was up a beautiful girl's arse in a barn. I didn't last long, but I remember it to this day – especially when I see pictures like those of Bel! So thanks *Club*, and thanks Dorota (the girl on the farm)!

Tomasz, London.

GREECE-Y LOVER

This recent hot weather reminded me of a similarly wet summer a couple of years back, when I decided to take a last minute holiday to the Greek island of Santorini.

The resort was lovely – black sands, a good apartment overlooking the sea and some good tavernas and bars. It was relatively quiet but more importantly it was very hot and I looked forward to some sun and relaxation.

I had arrived mid-afternoon, got a few hours on the beach and found my bearings. The apartment was an L shape and I was on the first floor. On the first morning I slipped on some shorts and opened the double doors onto the balcony. As I did, the doors in the apartment to the side of me opened and out walked a young woman, naked.

We exchanged hellos and some simple introductions but she was German and her English was fairly limited, while I speak no German at all. Anyway I had a good look at her body, she was tall and skinny, with small tits and a dark bush. She looked like an outdoorsy, active sort of girl who would like to camp etc. – nothing high maintenance about her and, of course, very open about her body.

As she went back into her room the door on the other side opened. This time a girl stepped out in a white bikini. She was in her early 20s, tanned and very fit.

"Hi, I'm Kelly, and I guess by that bulge in your shorts the German girl's been out already?"

I felt myself blush. I was only semi-hard, but in my shorts it was probably quite obvious.

"Yes," I replied, 'but she just went in."

"Shame, 'cos Tina hasn't seen her yet."

"Tina?" I questioned.

"Yes. She's my mate but she never gets up in the morning, she's still in bed now."

We proceeded to chat a little. Kelly and Tina were from Newcastle, had been there a week already and had spent their days sunbathing till as late as possible and then drinking in the bars. Kelly said she would show me the best part of the beach, an area which was more secluded and quieter than the main stretch but it would have to be the next day as they were going on a coach trip that day.

There was a noise from inside and Kelly turned to look into the room. Tina was now awake and I had a good look at Kelly's very tight arse as she shouted at Tina to get a move on. She was only small, not much more than five feet, had blonde shoulder length hair and a very fit body with very pert tits, no

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

THE CASEY IS CLOSED

Don't get me wrong, I'm not the kind of bloke who watches porn films but... I was watching a porn film recently and I twigged that the bird called Casey from *Club* is actually a real life porn star. I know that's not exactly news, but she looked far too sweet in your pages to be wrangling cock. I'm in a quandary. Am I upset that there aren't any nice girls left who don't chug jizz on camera, or am I happy that a honey like Casey chugs jizz on camera? I'll get back to you.

Aaron, Ipswich.

Ah, Aaron, ***welcome to the eternal dilemna. Nice girl or naughty girl? We have it on good authority that, when she's not eating balls, Casey helps old ladies across the road – Ed.***

bigger than a B cup. She turned round; "Right, I'd better get ready, maybe see you later?"

"Great," I said. "And if I see you out later I'll buy you a drink."

"Cheers!" she shouted as she went inside before sticking her head back out to say, "By the way, it looked like a nice bulge."

Before I could reply she was gone and the doors shut.

I didn't see the girls that night, but had good fun out in the bars chatting with various honeys, but no action ensued. The next morning I made sure I was out on the balcony at a similar time and the German girl was out again stretching in the morning sunlight, completely naked. We exchanged pleasantries but there was nothing from next door, their door was firmly shut.

I got ready to head for the beach. As I walked out of the apartments, Kelly appeared on her balcony. "Hang on," she shouted, "we'll show you the best beach!"

I waited, and ten minutes later both girls were alongside me. Tina was like Kelly – gorgeous. She was dark haired, cut short, with a cute pixie

PROTECT AND SERVICE

We'd love Sonia to cop a load of what we've got ready for her...

PHOTOS: VLT

OK, so the whole idea of *Club International* is to publish spreads of the cutest girls on the planet, so we're always up to our necks in tip top talent, but there's something about Sonia Red here that brings a special lump to our trousers whenever we get her in for a shoot.

Maybe it's the fact that, when you get up close to her, she's actually very petite – nothing at all like the Amazonian Brigitte Nielson in the film that surely inspired her modelling name. Little Sonia here might be feisty, but she's barely 5 foot 4 inches in those heels and doesn't really seem the type to be running around slaying dragons in improbable fantasy armour. No, Sonia, with her delicate, petite build, is the sort of girl you want to put your arm around and protect from all the harder realities of life. All, that is, except for the extremely hard reality we always seem to find in our boxers whenever she's around... ♣

SONIA
Sonia's snatch is on red alert at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

SONIA
She's wielding her trusty red dildo at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

DOWN THE WIRE

What's been keeping Club's network of global correspondents busy this month?

ALL TEETH AND (LOWERED) TROUSERS

Forty-year-old Sultan Al-Sayed was recently convicted at Chelmsford Crown Court in Essex of peeping under the next stall in a department-store changing room. This was despite his protests that the only reason he placed his face on the floor was – he says - to relieve pain from a toothache.

'WAKEY WAKEY, STABBY FACEY'

A Kansas City, Missouri woman recently explained to police units that the reason she had stabbed her sleepwalking 24-year-old boyfriend in the face was that she was afraid he might hurt her, or himself, if she failed to wake him up. She backed up her story by adding that she realised he was a menace when he sleepwalked across the bedroom and stood and pissed in her wardrobe.

PEA-BRAINED GIANT

At Leeds Crown Court one Christopher Lister, 21, recently pleaded guilty to burglary. Lister had essayed to steal a plasma TV in broad daylight, but witnesses had easily identified Lister as the culprit… given that Lister (accorded the title 'Britain's tallest teenager' three years ago) stands 7ft 3" and resides a few doors down from the house he burgled.

'ME TERRORIST! SELL ME GUNS & BOMBS!' – 'YOU BETCHA!'

In America, a recent Government Accountability Office report revealed that persons on the government's suspected-terrorist list who tried to buy guns or explosives on at least 1,000 occasions in the last five years were successful 90% of the time. The report also disclosed that one suspect managed to buy 50lbs of explosives. An apologist for the government explained that Federal law treats the suspected-terrorist list as 'no-fly' and 'no-visa', but not 'no-gun.'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

face and she had a very petite body and was even smaller than Kelly. Both girls were in shorts and bikini tops and we headed for the beach with the girls linking arms with me so I had one on each side. As we walked, I got quite a few jealous stares from blokes out with their girlfriends!

They were right about the beach. It was a bit of a walk, but worth it. It was a small bay that you could only reach through a quite overgrown track, and when we got there it was deserted.

We laid out towels and Kelly said, "I hope you're not shy." I turned to her just as she undid her bikini top revealing her very pert tits, her nipples stiff in the gentle breeze. I then watched Tina do the same.

"Of course not!" I said and I tried my luck a bit. "But it'll be hard not to stare with two gorgeous sexy girls topless next to me."

Kelly giggled, "Actually we're bottomless too, we sunbathe nude for the first hour until it gets too hot."

I tried hard to stop my mouth falling open as both girls removed their shorts and then their bikini bottoms, but despite my best efforts I couldn't stop my dick springing to a full erection. Kelly was bare, completely bald while Tina had a very trim bush.

Kelly was the first to speak; "Wow you can't be shy the way that bulges in your shorts. I take it you like the view, then?"

Before I could answer, Tina added, "A gentlemen would, of course, go nude too."

After hesitating for a moment I figured I had nothing to lose. I pulled down my shorts and my dick jumped out, very hard and stiff.

"Nice. And you shave your balls?" Tina said.

"Yes, it makes a blow-job so much more sensitive," I replied, smiling.

Tina took the bait "We'll have to see about that," she said as, without any further ado, she fell to her knees and started to lick my shaft like it was a lolly. She certainly knew what she was doing. She was using lots of saliva and giggling lots as she licked, which made the whole experience even hornier.

"The girls got back on their knees and shared my dick in a double blowjob"

I looked at Kelly, who was gently fingering her clit. "I hope you're happy to share that dick with both of us," she said as she walked over and lay down on her towel. "Let me join in," she said to Tina, who stopped working my cock and sat down to place her thighs either side of Kelly's face, slowly lowering her cunt onto her mouth. I watched her close her eyes as Kelly's tongue worked on her pussy, my dick throbbing.

"Come here, I haven't finished with you," Tina said, beckoning me to her with her finger. I walked over and my dick was at a perfect height to slip back in her mouth. She sucked

harder now and used her hand to wank it, her technique becoming more frantic as Kelly licked her. It was an amazing sight as I looked down on Tina, who kept eye contact with me as she sucked, and I could see her rubbing her cunt against Kelly's mouth.

Suddenly she released my dick. "Oh fuck, I'm going to come," she said, shuddering hard as her orgasm spread through her.

When she'd done she climbed off Kelly, freeing her to stand. You could see Tina's juices on her mouth as she came up and kissed me. I greedily took her into my mouth, enjoying the taste of Tina on her tongue. The girls then swapped positions with Tina now lying on the towel, and Kelly lowered herself for her tongue licking whilst taking my dick into her mouth. Kelly was less frantic, but I was still glad I'd enjoyed a good wank that morning, as it would have been very difficult to hold on – especially watching Tina lick Kelly whilst she expertly sucked my dick.

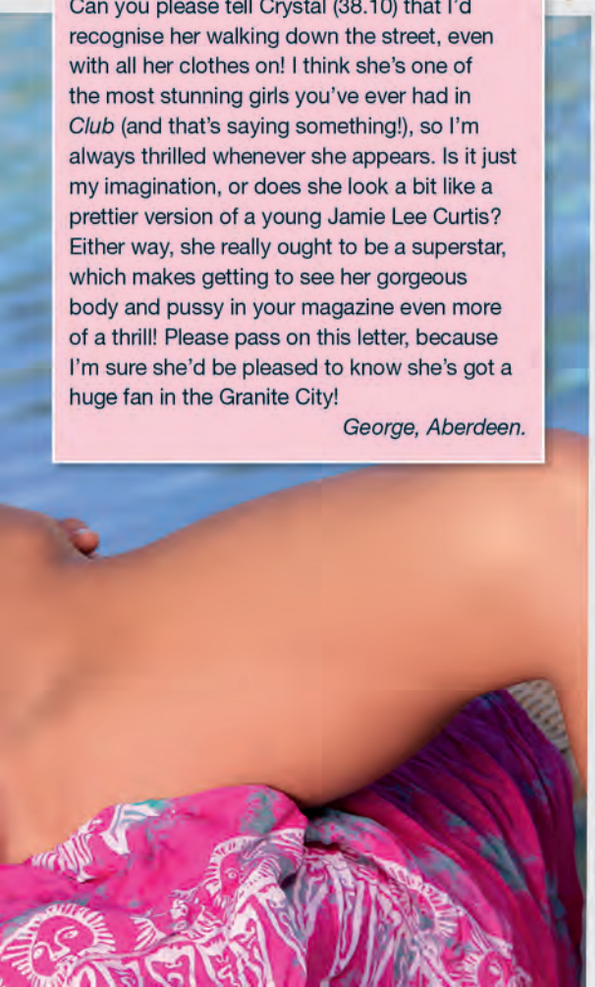
Soon Kelly was coming and I could hear Tina lapping Kelly's juices as she rode out her orgasm. As she recovered, Kelly looked up at me and said, "God, I wish you could fuck us both!" We had no condoms at the beach (I kicked myself for not hiding one or two on me somewhere) so the girls got back on their knees and shared my dick in a most wonderful double blowjob. They sucked, wanked and licked, only breaking off to kiss each other from time to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

CRYSTAL CLEAR

Can you please tell Crystal (38.10) that I'd recognise her walking down the street, even with all her clothes on! I think she's one of the most stunning girls you've ever had in *Club* (and that's saying something!), so I'm always thrilled whenever she appears. Is it just my imagination, or does she look a bit like a prettier version of a young Jamie Lee Curtis? Either way, she really ought to be a superstar, which makes getting to see her gorgeous body and pussy in your magazine even more of a thrill! Please pass on this letter, because I'm sure she'd be pleased to know she's got a huge fan in the Granite City!

George, Aberdeen.



IN THIS MONTH...

ELECTION WINS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

29 YEARS AGO – REAGAN: A MOVIE CHIMP'S HERO

1980: Crap B movie actor, McCarthyite lackey (as traitorous union boss of the Screen Actor's Guild throughout the early 1950s communist witch hunt) and former Governor of California Ronald Reagan is elected to the office of 40th president of the United States.

Reagan, who was dumb as a plasterboard partition to begin with, loves jelly beans and talking about the different colours of them that he and wife Nancy keep in jars. Moreover, he will soon come to believe, just like our very own Margaret Thatcher, that rewarding the superwealthy for being rich and chopping all social aid makes the poor prosperous, that democracy means something else, that the island of Grenada is a rival superpower, and that the *Star Wars* films are documentaries pointing the way to winning the Cold War in 'out of space'.

In the course of his hideously protracted film career, Reagan's most fabulously stinky role was playing opposite a chimp in *Bedtime For Bonzo*. Bonzo is the ape, and in the movie poster showing them together, Ron can be identified by the fact he is wearing a Timex. Another clue is that he is also the one holding the other one up off the ground.

POPULAR MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

3 YEARS AGO – Pistols Tell Rock Hall Of Fame To Get Fucked

2006: 1970s stars the Sex Pistols, fabled progenitors of punk rock, are honoured by the music industry with an offer to be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. They respond (to very few thinking people's surprise) by telling the music industry to fuck off and die and describing the museum as "a piss stain".

The four surviving members of the band, which lost shy and retiring young bassist Sidney Vicious to a heroin overdose more than a quarter of a century earlier, explain their position in a scrawled and only partly-literate open letter to the Museum on their website.

And, in a television interview, prefacing other band-members' remarks with a series of obscene gestures from Johnny Rotten and the suggestion that the Hall of Fame should "kiss" his arsehole, Steve Jones proclaimed that, "Once you want to be put into a museum, Rock and Roll's over."

Not content with giving the finger to the establishment even at this late stage in the game, Lydon will soon progress to slagging off other popular bands – in particular evidencing contempt for chart-topping group Coldplay, slamming them for "creating boring music"(!) and insisting he feels sorry for fans who pay to see the group perform live. "I pity the poor bastards who have to watch them. I met them a few years ago, said hello and realised they were anoraks. They looked like a gang of little poncy masturbators. Their music… [is] a box of tosh sold to slightly inadequate, half-baked people." So stick that on your toast and spread it, Coldplay!

SHE'S A JUL AMONG MEN!

Cherry loves nothing better than being stuck in the middle of a three pronged attack!

PHOTOS: JACK HARRISON

She looks kind of innocent, Cherry, doesn't she? The sort of girl who, if she worked in a shop or something, you'd probably feel a bit guilty for having filthy fantasies about. But then looks can be deceptive, because if you've got a filthy fantasy, the chances are than Cherry's not only already had the thought – she's probably lived it out in the flesh!

"Well, I guess you could be right!" she grinned when we pointed this out to her. "It's true, I've been a pretty naughty girl since I first discovered sex!"

We thought as much. And what's been you're favourite fulfilled fuck-fantasy?

"I guess it's hard to beat having three or more cocks to play with! One in my pussy, one in my mouth and one in my arse makes me come buckets!"

And there was us thinking three was a crowd! ♣

Cherry's getting plugged at:

www.paulraymond.com/club

Jul not believe your eyes if you go to:
www.paulraymond.com/club

SEX TIPS FROM THE TOP

DATING ADVICE FOR THE PLEBS

by TIM ROTH aka CAL LIGHTMAN out of LIE TO ME

All right? You the lot from *Club International*, come to learn when a bird is lyin' to ya, then, are you? Hang on a minute. That's interesting. When I said the word 'bird' you had a very definite facial reaction. Yeah you did. No use mumbling, mate – this is science. You are aroused – aintcha? Oh yes you are. Tell me this: you got a boner?

Wassat? You have?

Now THAT, my friend, is the truth. Normally I don't advise clients on how to catch the ladies out in a lie, but seeing as how *Club* is paying for my time, I'm at your service. Briefly. I got the President Of The World on line one. I can give you five minutes. Four minutes 59 seconds. A-ha, Drumming your fingers on the table: classic subconscious indication of impatience. Like me to get on with it would ya? No? You're lying. You are. You just creased the corner of one eye, looked north-west with the other and shrugged your shoulders. That's textbook. It's okay. You're allowed to be impatient. Just don't lie about it.

Right. Where were we? What? No we weren't. You made that up. We definitely were not discussing gay sex. That mole spinning on your cheek just next to your mouth gave you away. Hold the bus… I remember now. Birds. You want to know how to tell when a bird is peddling you porkies. Beg pardon? Yes you do.

Thing is. A bird is no different from a bloke in terms of the number of body language signals she gives off. But typically, a bird's responses will be different. And mean different things.

For example. Look at these three films of nude women all at once. I've just asked them if they fancy Mike Tyson. Of course it's a bit of a stitch-up, because Mike Tyson is in the room with me and each of the three birds, waiting to hear what they say. Notice they're all saying yes… but… Bird Number One is crying and trying to skoosh pepper spray at Mr Tyson and myself and Number Two is shaking her head 'no' though her lips are saying 'yes'. Now look at the third bird's face. Notice anything? She hasn't answered. She hasn't said yes or no. All you can see is a mild crinkling at the corners of the mouth, which is indicative of someone who's aiming a gun… As, indeed, she was. Hence this limp.

Listen to me. Sorry to be blunt but women lie all the time. They can't help themselves. But there's one way you can usually catch them out before your relationship gets serious – thus saving yourself a lot of grief later.

Ask her if yours is the biggest dick she's ever seen. If she says 'Yes' she's almost certainly lying and you must ask yourself: 'Can I trust someone like this who'd lie to me about something as important as my knob?' If your answer is 'Yes' then you're lying to yourself. But is she lying? Yeah, probably. But am I lying about how best to catch her out?

And the answer to that one is 'yes'.

Fact is: I'm lying about everything. So go home, bung some aspirin down your neck and think about that one for a while. See ya. Chump.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

time until I knew I couldn't hold out much longer.

"Going to come, girls," I groaned.

Tina was first to respond. "Cover our tits!" she said.

I did, shooting my come over their very pert breasts. Both girls weren't finished, though, and carried on sucking and licking my spunky cock. I was soon hardening again as I watched Tina lick my spunk off Kelly's tits.

When my dick had been licked clean by the greedy girls, Kelly suggested we all go for a swim. We stayed naked and we swam a little before standing in the sea chatting and getting to know each other better. Both girls were very tactile and there was regularly a hand on my dick. My hands made sure they frequently were on their cute tits or bum. It seemed that, apart from playing with each other, they had not seen any action all holiday; mine was the first cock they'd got their hands on and they were keen for more. They had another six nights left and I got very stiff thinking about all the possibilities.

When we got out it was much hotter and the girls put their bikini bottoms on but stayed topless. The girls were quite happy to kiss and caress each other while I watched. After some lunch a few other people came to the beach but it did not stop lots of fondling and playing in the sea. We stayed on the beach till early evening.

When we got back to our rooms, we made arrangements to meet for dinner. They both kissed me and Kelly said, "Don't forget to get some condoms, we'll be needing them later!"

We did need them – in fact, I had to get a couple of boxes for those remaining six days. Then, of course, there was still the German for the second week!

Martin, York. ♣

BUM RAP

Up to this month, I've been a keen reader of your magazine but this month I've just about had enough! Why? Well, I like the girls' bums as much as the rest of their anatomy, and I'm not ashamed to say that I find nothing better than a neat little arsehole, so why do you think it's clever – or necessary – for your photoshop operatives to smear a lot of the girls' arseholes in the magazine? Not only do they smear them, the rub them out altogether, add stupid twiddly bits that make them look ridiculous or carefully place them in shadows so that they can't be seen. Please stop it – girls' bumholes are very sexy, and you shouldn't be depriving your readers of them in this underhand way!

D.H., Wales.

Well, DH, we're entirely in agreement with you – we adore girls' bums here at Club as well! We're sorry if you feel they've been over-photoshopped in some way, but rest ass-ured (sorry…) we love arses too – Ed.

WANNA POLKA?

Well, it is a pretty itsy bitsy bikini, after all...

TOP SHELF TV

ON SKY CHANNEL 917

PHOTOS: EXPOSUREZONE

Some girls are pretty hard to fathom out when you first meet them, but Sandra turned out to be about as easy to read as a large print edition of *Janet and John*. Bouncing onto the set with a huge grin on her face and clutching a bottle of sun tan oil, she grinned and asked, "Which of you hunky guys wants to rub this all over me, then?"

Hunky?! Looking around, we couldn't help thinking we looked more like a Mr. Muscle casting, so we figured Sandra must be pretty easy to please…

"I wouldn't say that," she mock-scowled, "but I guess I like to look on the positive all the time. After all, here I am, at a beautiful villa on a gorgeous day, about to have a nice wank and I'm getting paid for it! All I need now is a guy or two to help me finish off the day in style!"

Looks like all that oven cleaning will have to wait! ♣

SANDRA
Give Sandra some elbow-grease and go to:
www.paulraymond.com/club

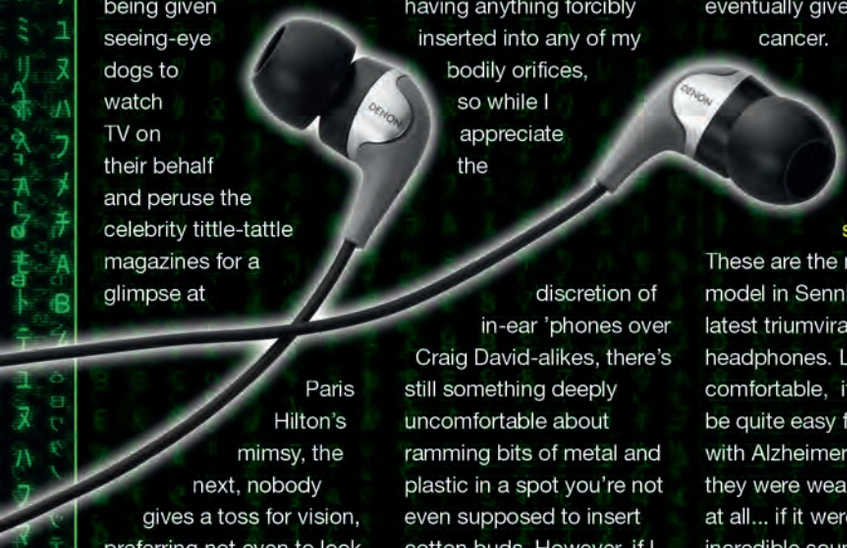
club's kit bag

This Month: EAR KIT

Promised to be good to your earholes? Then you'd better get one of these beauties, hadn't you?

It's a funny old world. One minute, 'vision' is numero uno of the five senses, with the blind being given seeing-eye dogs to watch TV on their behalf and peruse the celebrity tittle-tattle magazines for a glimpse at Paris Hilton's mimsy, the next, nobody gives a toss for vision, preferring not even to look where they're going. Look at the evidence: the rise of the audio-book for those who can't be bothered to read, and the fact that you can now have digital music emanating from anything from photoframes to trouserpresses, probably.

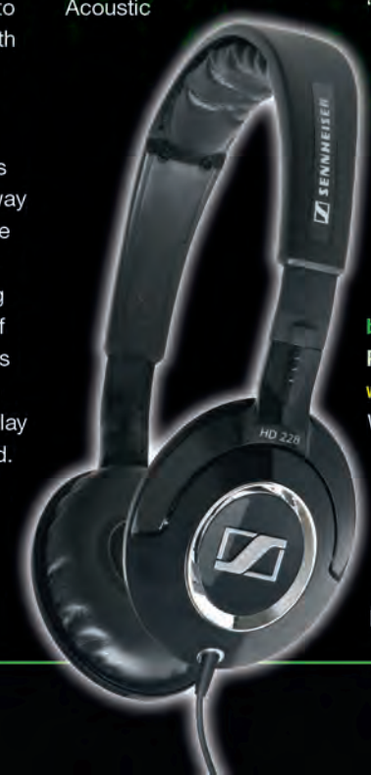
Yep, 'hearing' is the new fave in the senses world (touch is out due to Swine Flu, taste died with MacDonalds, and smell never stood a chance). And, addressing this, countless manufacturers have been beavering away to make sure you receive that sound in the purest form possible, delivering aural sex with a range of headphones, ear-phones and ear-buds so superb that even the bile they play on Radio 1 sounds good. Don't believe us? Then grab your non-brand specific digital music player and sample these beauties...



Denon AH-C360
Price: £45
www.denon.co.uk

I've never really enjoyed having anything forcibly inserted into any of my bodily orifices, so while I appreciate the discretion of in-ear 'phones over Craig David-alikes, there's still something deeply uncomfortable about ramming bits of metal and plastic in a spot you're not even supposed to insert cotton buds. However, if I had to (or they'll kill one of my children, or something) I'd go for these new Denon's in a heartbeat.

Stylish, high-end and ergonomic to be as comfortable as possible, it's unusual to get quality like this, boasting a Radial Cascade Damper to reduce vibration, and an Acoustic Optimizer (sic) to ensure dynamic imaging – and all at such a low price. I can only assume they'll eventually give you ear cancer.



Sennheiser HD 228
Price: £50
www.sennheiser.co.uk

These are the mid-level model in Sennheiser's latest triumvirate of on-ear headphones. Light and comfortable, it would be quite easy for anyone with Alzheimer's to forget they were wearing them at all... if it weren't for the incredible sound they produce, of course.

Punchy and powerful, clarity is superb, bass deep and troubling, and packing extended treble to deliver the full sonorous package direct to your ear-door like some kind of audio-courier. Except it won't open the package to see if it's something they could 'misplace' and flog.

Capable of being folded for easy storage and with a closed on-ear design that keeps unwanted external noise at bay, for this money you can't go wrong.

Monster Beats by Dr. Dre
Price: £280
www.apple.com/uk

What do you mean, you forgot about Dre? Christ, let's not get into all that again. Instead, let's get into these incredible, hi-def powered isolation cans from Monster.

Developed in association with the good doctor to deliver extreme clarity, deep bass and, frankly, the awesome power Dre requires to suitably threaten everyone with his rappist musings, the Beats by Dr. Dre benefit from a powerful digital amplifier and extra large drivers (designed, I'm guessing, by a locum rather than the good Doctor himself).

Of course, all this begs the question: if you have such amazing sound booming around your head, with isolation from the annoying ambient sound of the outside world, how will you be safe from your mortal hippitty hoppitty enemies from the other 'side' sneaking up to pop a cap in yo ass?

Audio-Technica W5000
Price: £950
www.atheadphones.com

And finally, right at the other end of the price scale, is this straining pan-handle of audiophile's delight, the W5000 from Audio-Technica. Make no mistake, these are not meant for mere mortals with 'human' ears that fail to hear higher frequencies normally the domain of bats and dolphins, or the lower end usually more attributed to Blue Whales. No, these high fidelity, closed back, striped ebony, acoustically perfect headphones are for those who take music so seriously they'd stab someone repeatedly in the face over it.

Naturally, the most advanced vibration-proofing mechanism is in place, as is a patented Double Air Damping System, both backed up by formidable power, rich, deep, natural reproduction and a design as comfortable to have on your head as your very ears themselves. ♣

Next Issue: DAB HANDS

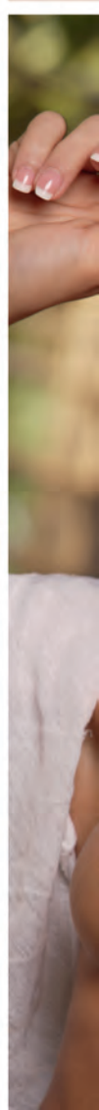
BEAUTIFUL MIND!

Cayton's cerebral accomplishments are purely academic!

PHOTOS: STEPHEN HICKS

Brainy girls are great, aren't they? We love the way they like to sit around reading big books (and not just ones about schoolboy wizards!) and can discuss stuff like the arts, politics and philosophy. We like to think of ourselves here at *Club* as being pretty enlightened when it comes to the role of women in society, so as far as we're concerned the more brainy girls there are out there, the better!

Still, when it comes to looking good in pictures, being brainy isn't going to get you too far, which is why Cayton here's been included in the mag purely on the strength of her good looks, saucy, be-spectacled smile and succulent snatch! She's a peach, isn't she? And once we got talking to her we quickly realised she was as daft as a brush! Still, who needs conversations about philosophy when you've got a body like that? ♣



CAYTON

PHAT CAT!

Club wonders if the new, Indian-owned Jaguar XJ will be currying favour in boardrooms across the land...

Captains of industry take note: Sauerkraut and sausage are no longer the only dishes on the menu. You can now stink out the boardroom with Chicken Tikka Masala and not damage your corporate reputation.

British with an Indian flavour – that's the latest big news in the company car park, as Tata-owned Jaguar introduces its stunning new XJ. While German-built Audis, BMWs and Mercedes have long been the default choice for bosses, the big cat is shaking up the luxury class.

The previous model traded on Jaguar's heritage, but the newcomer follows in the footsteps of the award-winning XK and XF by gazing into the future. There's nothing else like the XJ on the road – yet even though it's now funded by Indian money, it still oozes Britishness. After all, the product was virtually ready for sign-off by the time Tata bought Jaguar from Ford. It's modern and head-turning design is down to the bold approach of the largely British team behind it.

As soon as it was revealed, the XJ was causing controversy with its backside. Critics say it looks out of kilter with the rest of the shape, while fans are drooling all over it. It's a talking point, alright, although for many people there's nothing wrong with a big rear end!

In every other respect, the XJ's shape is a resounding success. The influence of the smaller XF is clear at the front, with those distinctive headlights and that striking radiator grille. The elegant bonnet sweeps back into a steeply raked windscreen, and

JAGUAR XJ

Engines: 3.0-litre V6 diesel; 5.0-litre V8 petrol
Power: 510bhp (V8 Supersport)
Torque: 461Nm (V8 Supersport)
0-60mph: 4.7 seconds (V8 Supersport)
Top speed: 155mph (V8 Supersport)
Prices: £52,500-£88,000 (full range)
Contact: *www.jaguar.com/allnewxj*

then an eye-catching panoramic glass roof.

In profile, the car looks sleek and dynamic, and whatever you think of the rear end, it blends neatly in from the C-pillars backwards. Beautiful detailing such as the tall LED tail-lights only serves to affirm the classy, premium look.

Jaguar made an incredible leap forward with the cabin design of the XF, and the new XJ continues this.

The dash is beautifully designed, but what really sets the interior apart is its sheer sense of occasion. Not only is the attention to detail impeccable, there's an array of technological firsts. Most impressive is the new eight-inch Dual View touchscreen. It's effectively two displays in one, angled in different directions, so the driver can see key read-outs while the front passenger watches a DVD from the same monitor. The instrument dials ahead of the steering wheel have made way for a 12.3-inch high-definition screen that gives a choice of instrument views. And there's also one of the best audio systems ever fitted to a car, in the shape of the (optional)1,200-Watt Bowers & Wilkins surround sound set-up.

Where the previous generation trailed its rivals was on the road, but Jaguar has worked hard to deliver a class-leading dynamic package. Extensive use of aluminium in the body and underpinnings ensures the car is lighter than its competitors, but also supremely rigid. In addition, active dampers and an electronic differential give incredible traction out of corners. Body control is also excellent, and the power-steering system delivers instant responses and masses of feedback – so the firm's engineers have successfully transferred the strong driver appeal of the XF into its big brother. Yet at the same time, the immense refinement with which the XJ has long been associated remains, with an advanced air-suspension taking the sting out of the worst potholed roads.

Buyers will have a wide range of models to choose from. The 275bhp 3.0-litre diesel engine recently introduced in the XF will appeal to company users with its blend of smooth yet strong performance, 40mpg-plus economy and low emissions. But if you prefer your car to drink from the green pump, neither of the 5.0-litre V8 models will disappoint. There's a 385bhp naturally aspirated unit, while the flagship Supersport is fitted with a storming supercharged powerplant giving 510bhp and 461Nm of torque. That propels it from 0-60mph in 4.7 seconds and on to a limited top speed of 155mph.

Jaguar is still losing a fortune every day, so it's difficult to say the brand has a bright future. But to see the model line-up, you wouldn't know it. Tata will be looking at the costs involved with keeping what's left of Jag's UK workforce. But the new XJ shows what that workforce is capable of – and by tinkering with this successful team, billionaire Ratan Tata would surely be shooting himself in the foot. ♣

NEVER AD IT SO GOOD!

How does a girl pass the time on a shoot, eh? With a sly wank, of course! Feel free to join in...

PHOTOS: RUDEBOY

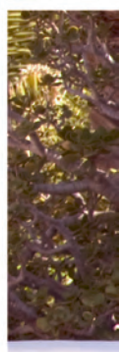
With a few notable exceptions, there can't have been many girls we've spent more hours poring over in the last few years than the delectable Adriana. Before our very eyes she's blossomed from a gorgeous little sex-kitten to a full on minx, purring with pleasure as she strokes her perfect pussy to keep herself amused in between shots.

"Well, these shoots can sometimes take hours!" she smiled, "and a girl's got to do something to keep herself amused, hasn't she?"

True enough, love – if you want to finger your fanny to pass the time and don't mind us lot standing around gawping, be our guest! Meanwhile we'll try and distract the photographer so he takes even longer to finish the set.

"That's very kind, but just a couple more minutes should do the trick..." ♣

SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT
www.paulraymond.com



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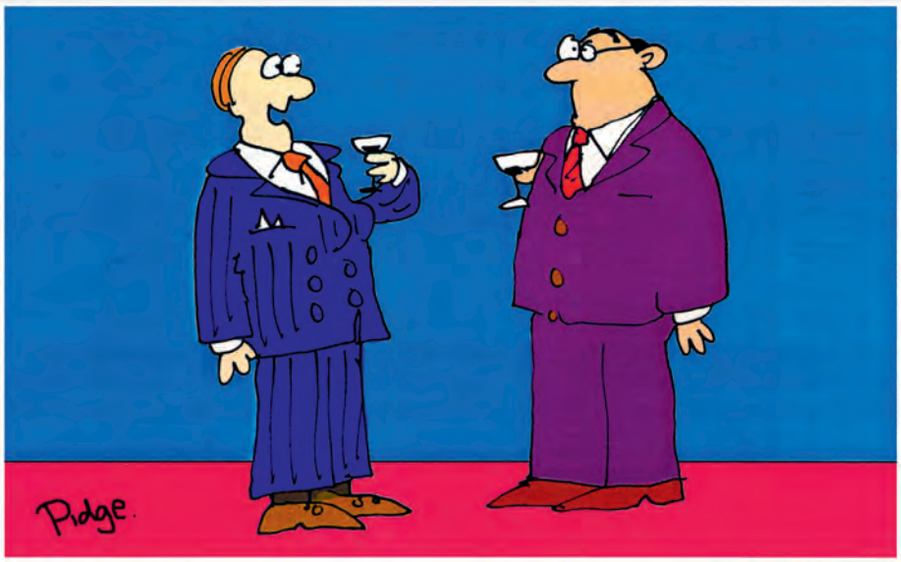
WOT THE FUCK?!

A man goes to see the doctor and says, "I've got a problem with my willy, doc – it's turned orange."

"Ok," says the doc, "drop your trousers and let me have a look. Out of interest, what do you do for a living?"

"Nothing," says the man. "I just sit at home all day watching dirty movies and eating Wotsits."

Dan, Bromley.



" Actually I'm a transsexual transvestite but it's o.k. I'm straight. "

MONKEY PUZZLER

A little girl asked her mother, "How did the human race appear?"

The mother answered, "God made Adam and Eve and they had children, and so was all mankind made."

Two days later the girl asked her father the same question. The father replied, "Many years ago there were monkeys, from which the human race evolved."

The confused girl returned to her mother and said, "Mum, how is it possible that you told me the human race was created by God, and Dad said they developed from monkeys?"

The mother answered, "Well, dear, it is very simple. I told you about my side of the family and your father told you about his."

Justin, Moortown.

STRAP ATTACK

A husband always insisted on making love in the dark. After 20 years of marriage his wife's curiosity finally got the better of her and, suddenly turning on the light, finds him using a strap-on.

She goes ballistic; "You impotent bastard! How could you lie to me all these years?"

Her husband looks her straight in the eyes and calmly says, "OK, I'll explain the toy – I was injured as a kid and have never been able to achieve an erection. Now you explain the kids..."

Steve, Sheffield.

LIFE'S A BEACH

Jeff and Mike are in a car accident and both die. Upon Jeff's arrival at the Pearly Gates, he is met by St. Peter. "Where is my friend Mike?" Jeff asked. St. Peter replies, "Well, Mike was not as fortunate as you. He went in the other direction instead of getting into Heaven." Jeff was bothered by this and asked, "Well, could I see Mike one more time just to be sure he is OK?" So, Jeff and St. Peter walked over to the edge of Heaven and looked down. There was Mike, on a sandy beach, with a gorgeous blonde in a bikini, and also with keg of beer.

"I don't mean to complain, but Mike seems to have it pretty nice down there in Hell," says Jeff.

"It's not as it appears to be," says St. Peter. "You see, the keg has a hole in it and the blonde doesn't."

Randall, Cambridge.

BAR BILL

A duck walks into a bar and says, "Got any bread?"

The barman says, "No, this is a bar, we don't have any bread."

So the duck says, "Got any bread?"

The barman says, "No, this is a bar, we don't have bread. I told you that." "Got any bread?" asks the duck.

"No, we don't sell bread here and if you ask me that again I will nail you to the table!"

The duck pauses then says, "Got any nails?"

"No," sighs the barman.

So the duck says, "Got any bread?"

Paulie, Milton Keynes. ♣

PRIZE JOKE!

WHORE'D'OUVRES

A trucker who has been out on the road for two weeks stops at a brothel.

He walks straight up to the Madam, slams down £500 on the counter and says: "I want your ugliest woman and a cheese and pickle sandwich!"

The Madam is astonished. "But sir, for that kind of money you could have a couple of my finest girls and a three-course meal!"

The trucker replies: "Listen love, I'm not horny – I'm homesick."

Stuart, Motherwell.

SPIT AND POLISH

All hail to Natalia's meteoric rise through the ranks!

PHOTOS: BECK IMAGES

We love it when a plan comes together! Only a few short months ago Brit babe Natalia was dipping her (camel) toe in the water to see whether she had what it takes to be a full-on model by appearing as a Reader's Girlfriend in this very publication. Well, we've always had an eye for talent – and look at her now! From amateur slot to centrefold in less than a year!

"Yes, isn't it fantastic?" she gushed, "I can't really believe it!"

So what's the best part of becoming a proper model, then?

"Well, apart from all the exotic travelling, money, sex and fame, I can't really think of anything!" she joked.

Very funny, love, now get your fanny out and clean that car! ♣

Natalia's getting all auto-erotic over at:

www.paulraymond.com/club

There are ruder pix of this girl on the hood at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

Club Girl of the Month
NATALIA
MINI

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READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London, W1D 7AW (or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Adele **AGE:** 23
VITAL STATISTICS: 32B
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? On the lookout

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
Everyone knows that *Club*'s the mag with the sexiest girls in it, so I really wanted to see if I had what it takes to get published by you guys! I was pretty hopeful, but it was still a real relief when you got in touch with me after my application to arrange a shoot!

THAT'S NICE TO KNOW – BUT HOW COULD WE POSSIBLY REFUSE? SO YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY MODELLING, HAVE YOU?
More or less, yes! I'm quite an exhibitionist anyway, so I've always been turned-on by the idea of appearing in a magazine and having guys look at pictures of me naked, so now I'm actually doing it, it's like a dream come true.

WE RECKON OUR READERS MIGHT HAVE A FEW DREAMS YOU COULD HELP TO COME TRUE...
Why not? I'm single at the moment, and I can't think of a better chat-up line than someone telling me I looked great in *Club*! I'm not looking for anything too serious right now, but if anyone does spot me out and about, please do come over and say "Hi!" If I fancy you it might get you further than you think!

SO WHAT KIND OF GUYS DO YOU FANCY THEN?
No sort in particular, really, although a nice stiff prick always helps!

THEN WE'RE ALL IN WITH A CHANCE!

Let Adele relieve that swell over at:
www.paulraymond.com/club

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READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____

_____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

_____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

_____

_____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: **Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 2 Archer St, Piccadilly, London W1D 7AW**

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to: *clubint@paulraymond.com*

The Club International

Stereo of Filth &

With Club's fanny-obsessed music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

ALBUM REVIEWS

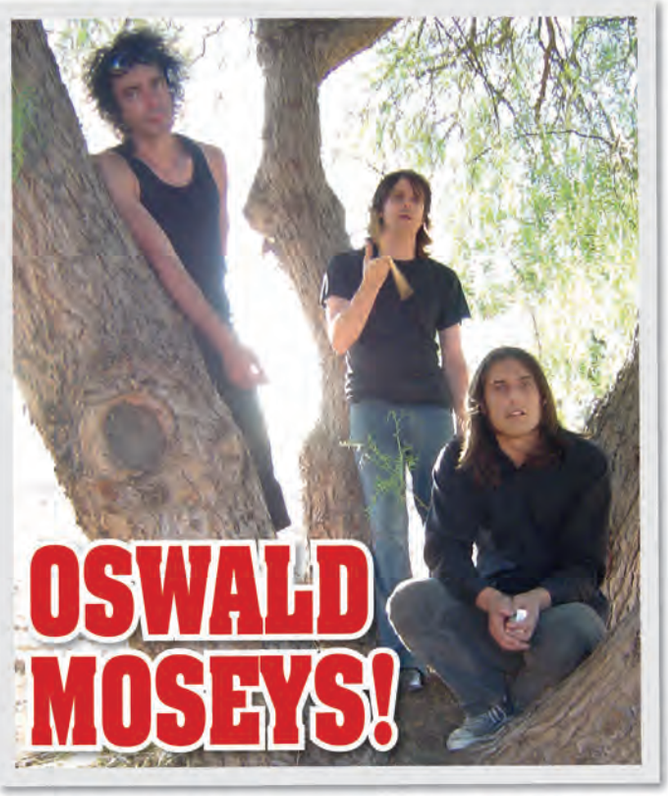
IAN BROWN
My Way (Polydor)
The Sultan of Warrington returns yet again with synth abused indie treats that were apparently influenced by Michael Jackson's *Thriller* and were mastered on the same day that Jacko 'rolled a seven'. Well, this album certainly isn't BAD.

AIR
Love 2 (EMI)
Electronic pop from the frog eatin', maid's outfit lovin' French fellas – perfect for moistening the snatches of those who like to party past 6am on a Sunday morning.

DIZZEE RASCAL
Tongue n Cheek (Dirtee Stank)
The 4th album from the East End bother boy comes action-packed with collaborations from Calvin Harris and Shy FX plus *Dirtee Cash* – a dance floor landmine that explodes with a sample from the Stevie V classic. Sounds great? It is.

PEARL JAM
Backspacer (Island)
Fairly random, but the Seattle outfit are back with song titles such as *Speed of Sound* and *Supersonic*. Covers you may think, but covers they are not – just average rock tunes fit for bangin' grunge girls to. Will we now have to take our oversized plaid shirts out of mothballs? In a word, no.

VITALIC
Flashmob (Different)
After a rockin' set at the Leeds Festival, Pascal Arbez, or better known to the pill heads as Vitalic, delivers his 2nd album of stompin' techno. When exposed to this, ladies with dilating pupils will have dilating pussies to match. Obviously, we can't guarantee this, we're just basing it on office-based observation. Of pussies, natch.



OSWALD MOSEYS!

Club chats to Nebula drummer and stoner rock deviant, Rob Oswald...

What jobs did you do when you were younger?
I had a pizza delivery job where this bird would follow me around and sometimes ride with me. On more than one occasion I made a pit stop to fuck her, once at my house, but mostly in the woods or behind a big sign. I had a girlfriend at the time so I had to be cautious.

Where is the best place in the world you have been?
Athens, Greece. The crowd rocked like no other, the women were insanely beautiful, and the coffee was amazing. I had a scantily clad woman fanning me when I got off stage. I don't partake in the ladies like I used to as I am a married man now.

Have you ever been in trouble with the police?
Hell, yes! So many incidents. I was driving home one night when I noticed an exit on the motorway that was closed off. It wasn't my exit, but for some reason I wanted to take it. There was a huge policewoman waving me down, so I chased her off the highway only to find an overturned vehicle blocking my progress. I could see her running up to the car in my rear view, and when she got to me, she roughed me up a bit and placed me under arrest. While on my way, I realized I had 12 hits of LSD in my wallet that I had to eat. I spent 14 hours in a jail cell tripping like fuck.

What is the best thing you have ever nicked?
A piece of a bunk bed that I took from Auschwitz concentration camp last year. Money wise, it's probably worth nothing, but it's a constant reminder of what we are capable of as human beings under the influence of fear and desperation.

Proudest moment?
Getting a call from Metallica asking Karma To Burn to support them on their final 2 shows of the Summer Sanitarium Tour.

What ladies do you like?
I usually go for dark-haired ladies, ones that are built for comfort as well as speed, but leaning more towards speed, if you know what I mean.

What kind of kinky fetishes do you have?
I used to date a girl that would tie me up, blindfold me, and feed me food while we fucked. I also had an ex that would ask me to give her enemas.

Describe a particular piece of pornography that you loved.
A friend of mine once gave me a laminate of a dick being pulled out of a gaping ass hole that said 'all access' on it. I somehow misplaced it and dearly miss it.

Tell us a story that involves fingering girls.
I was fingering a girl on a drive from Morgantown to Baltimore. We stopped at a gas station midway and I let a stray cat sniff my finger for like 2 minutes. We were both very amused.

Tell us a story that involves a blow job.
I once put ketchup on my dick and my then girlfriend sucked it off in a McDonald's booth.

Ever had a threesome?
I had an ecstasy threesome with my girlfriend and her hot roommate for two months. Her friend had blue hair extensions and we found a bunch of them scattered around the apartment after the first night.

Nice one Rob. Keep up the good work pal.

Heavy Psych is out now on Tee Pee Records – buy it and a stoner rock chick will let you finger her.

Love!

NOVEMBER GIG GUIDE

Go to a gig, get pissed, and fingers crossed – you might get laid...

BIFFY CLYRO
Newcastle Academy (4th)
Manchester Apollo (7th)

MUSE
Sheffield Arena (4th)
Liverpool Arena (5th)
Glasgow S.E.C.C. (9th)
Brum National Indoor Arena (10th)
London O2 Arena (12th & 13th)

THE ENEMY
Sheffield Academy (12th)
Newcastle Academy (15th)
Lincoln Engine Shed (17th)
London Forum (19th)
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (22nd)
Portsmouth Guildhall (24th)
Brum Academy (26th)
Leamington Spa The Assembly (27th)
Manchester Apollo (29th)

THE SPECIALS
Cardiff International Arena (1st)
Bridlington Spa Hall (2nd)
Blackpool Empress Ballroom (4th)
Plymouth Pavilions (5th)
Margate Winter Gardens (7th)
Wolverhampton Civic Hall (9th & 10th)
Edinburgh Corn Exchange (12th)
Southend Cliffs Pavilion (18th)
Brighton Centre (19th)
Nottingham Rock City (21st & 22nd)
London Hammersmith Apollo (24th, 25th, & 27th)

WHITE LIES
Bournemouth Opera House (18th)
Sheffield Academy (24th)
Manchester Apollo (27th)
Newcastle Academy (29th)

WHAT'S ON THE CLUB JUKEBOX

JOAKIM – Elle et Moi
Quality gay electro – perfect for coming up to.

WILD BEASTS – Hooting & Howling
Decent off the wall indie – you'll impress dozens of art students with this.

ON THE GAME

BATMAN: ARKHAM ASYLUM (Eidos Interactive)

PS3, Xbox 360, WIndows

★★★★★

Old Batman's come a long way over the years, hasn't he? Who'd have thought, when Adam West was socking it to a selection of comedy henchmen that, 40-odd years later, he'd be looking something like this? Still, the caped crusader's clearly something of a survivor, because here he is, stronger, harder and nastier than ever, in what has to be one of the most eagerly anticipated gaming releases this year. But has it been worth all the hype? Frankly, yes – this game kicks ass from the off, with Batso switching between a fierce but not too complicated combat mode and a detective mode to track down the baddies (including The Joker, The Riddler, Poison Ivy and, as fans will no doubt know by now, The Scarecrow) before he smashes their faces in. This year's *BioShock*? Oh yes – it's a beaut.

COLIN McRAE: DiRT 2 (Codemasters)

PS3, Xbox, Wii, DS, PSP, WIndows

★★★★

It's nice to see the gaming world hasn't forgotten about the great Colin McRae, who was so tragically killed in a helicopter crash alongside his son and two friends of the family back in 2007. His seal of approval on a game always stood as a guarantee of quality, and now, two years after the original *DiRT* hit the shops, Codemasters' support for the McRae brand (and family) gets a shot in the arm with the release of its sequel. Of course everything's third generation now, which means the level of detail and the handling are cranked up impressively from its predecessor, making this game about as close to actually hooning round like a loon through many of the world's most challenging courses without actually having to say your prayers and don a helmet. Rally fans, this'll keep you creaming your strides for ages!

IL-2 STURMOVIK: BIRDS OF PREY

(505 games) *PS3, Xbox, DS, PSP*

★★★★

Flight sims can be funny beasts, can't they? Given their intrinsic arcade-style nature, you'd think they'd offer the perfect gaming experience, but as often as not they fall some way short of expectations. Then again, given that the *IL-2 Sturmovik* brand stretches back to 2001, you might think these guys had got the hang of things by now, and, as it happens, they have. 505 Games (and developers 1C Company) have pulled out all the stops on this latest incarnation to make it as attention grabbing as possible, and it has to be said they've done a fine job. It's another WWII sim, giving you the choice of 5 major theatres to opporate in: The Battle of Britain (of course!), Stalingrad, Sicily, Korsun and Berlin, offering plenty of tactical variety as well as skill levels. You can fly a choice of 40 different fighters and bombers, too, and the visuals have a brilliantly authentic feel.

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

HAPPY CAMPERS

Being a bit skint this year like everybody else, my girlfriend Georgie and I decided to go on a camping holiday to the Lake District. We only had a tiny tent and sleeping under canvass isn't really my thing but the thought of having my curvy babe snuggled up close for a week made the prospect a whole lot better.

Of course the weather was shite but we pitched our tent next to a river in a valley and got down to enjoying ourselves the best we could, which naturally involved shagging each other silly as often as possible! Georgie has an awesome body with lovely big tits, long black hair and one of the tightest pussies I've ever had the pleasure to fuck.

Even in the cramped tent Georgie would climb on top of my cock (her favourite position!) and with her head banging on the roof, work her twat up and down my prick while she wanked her clit and I sucked on her swinging breasts until she came and I filled her hole with my sticky spunk.

One night she had just started stroking my dick as we snuggled in the sleeping bag when it started to bucket down. Instead of stopping though, Georgie grasped my cock and wanked it hard, the rain thundering down on the canvas. The noise was really loud but I didn't care as I slipped my hand between her thighs and tickled the lips of her hairless cunt. Maybe it was the storm outside, but she was already turned-on and I pushed a finger inside her with ease. Georgie stuffed her tongue in my mouth and opened her legs a bit more so I could get another finger up her. I buried them deep in her gooey tunnel and latched my mouth onto one of her rock hard nipples, gently chewing the tip as I fingered her, pulling my love juice-coated fingers all the way out of her fanny before working them back inside. Georgie was starting to pant with lust as I slurped my tongue all over her tits, sucking as much of that soft juicy flesh into my mouth as I could. It was just as she was about to come that I felt the water dripping on my head. This soon turned into a trickle and then I realised we were getting well and truly flooded.

"I slipped my hand between her thighs and tickled the lips of her hairless cunt."

!Georgie was past the point of no return by now, and was grinding her cunt down onto my fingers while cupping her own boobs and pinching the bulbous teats. She started to yell

out as her climax took over but there was no-one anywhere near us so I didn't care about that, and added a third digit for good measure. Water was pouring on to both of us by now but it was warm and I wanted to relieve the ache in my twitching prick, so I tried to drag Georgie on top of me. She had other ideas, though, and crawled out of the drenched tent onto the grass that surrounded us. I could see her dimly by the light of the lantern we had going and she lay back on the ground and spread her legs wide, wriggling in the sodden grass as the rain splattered against her naked body.

Fuck it, I thought and crawled after her, wincing as I felt the pelting water on my skin. She was lying spread-eagled in the storm, mauling her boobs with one hand and rubbing her pussy with the other. She was writhing about as the ground started to turn to mud and she looked so horny that I couldn't stop grabbing my dick and jerking off as I watched her masturbating in the rain.

However, it was time for a proper screw by now, and before long she pulled the lips of her twat apart and pointed to where she wanted my meat so I happily obliged, crawling between her open legs and pressing my swollen knob against the entrance to her gaping cunt. The rain was cascading down and splashing off her breasts, she even opened her mouth, moaning as she thirstily swallowed the free drink.

I pushed forward and my cock entered her tight pussy. It wasn't the shower that was making her cunt wet and I slid deep into her warm softness, her muscles squeezing my shaft beautifully. Georgie pushed her tits together as I humped her and offered them for me to suck. I hungrily fell on the soft, rain splashed mounds and sucked on first one nipple and then the other as I rammed my prick in and out of her squelchy hole faster and faster. I was now oblivious to the pouring rain as it massaged my back and arse as I screwed my girlfriend, her body sliding around in the muddy grass with each thrust of my dick. We were both yelling out loud as we fucked, Georgie only stopping as her second climax tore through her. The feel of that gorgeous tight twat clenching my manhood as she came was too much for me and I banged inside her furiously as the sap rose in my balls.

Feeling like Tarzan to my Georgie's Jane, I dragged my cum-coated cock out of her gash and aimed at her tits. The seed sprayed all over her body and immediately got washed off her skin by the continuing downpour. I grunted loudly as I unloaded my semen over my prostrate girlfriend and tilted my head back, letting the torrent cool my face. It felt like we'd just had some kind of wild caveman shag as Georgie clambered to her knees to suck the remaining drops of sperm from my pulsing prick, the mud smeared on her shoulders and matting her hair.

We lay naked in the rain as we recovered from our screw before heading to the car to dry off as best we could and get some sleep.

By morning the rain had stopped and you could see a big patch of churned up grass where we'd 'got back to nature' the night before. This camping lark ain't so bad after all!

Colin, Bridgenorth.

ARGIE BARGIE

Like most guys, I suspect, by the time I'd settled down with a regular girlfriend, I figured that any chance I'd have of fulfilling my threesome fantasy was gone. However, I hadn't figured on quite how experimental Becci likes to be in the bedroom, and a couple of weeks back my old fantasy finally became a reality!

Becs had never made a secret of the fact that during her younger days (and especially when she'd been at college) she'd been a bit wild, and while she never really went into too many details, whenever we met up with any of her old college friends there were always occasional hints about various naughty acts she'd got up to. Well, I didn't mind too much – I'd sown a few oats myself, and Becs had calmed down enough by the time I met her for me to be pretty sure she wouldn't be getting up to anything behind my back.

One particular college friend I'd heard a lot about, but never met due to the fact that she'd been living in her native Argentina since Becs and I got together, was a girl called Patricia, and

about a month ago this Patricia sent Becs a message on Facebook to tell her that she was going to be back in England for a couple of months this summer, and wondering if they could hook up.

Becs asked me if it was OK if she could stay with us for a few days, and I had no objections. Apart from anything else I'd seen her profile on the laptop, and was quite intrigued to meet this dark-haired beauty I'd heard so much about.

When she arrived at our flat a couple of weeks later, Becs seemed over the moon to see her again, and they were soon gossiping and giggling about all their old exploits and what they'd been up to ever since.

That evening, after we'd eaten, I was set out to the offie to get some more wine (we'd run out sooner than I'd expected!), and when I returned I found the pair of them sitting on the sofa, giggling mischievously.

"I think we should tell him," Patricia smirked.

"Tell me what?" I asked, guessing that it was probably going to be something saucy that might turn the conversation in an interesting new direction.

They looked at each other for a moment before Patricia turned to me and said, "When we were at college together, your naughty girlfriend and I made a pact, but we've yet to put it into practice."

"What sort of pact?" I enquired.

Patricia took a swig of wine and blurted out, "We swore that one day we'd both have sex with the same guy. We didn't think it would take so long to happen, but we've both agreed that the pact still stands…"

I looked at Becs, my cock suddenly stirring in my jeans.

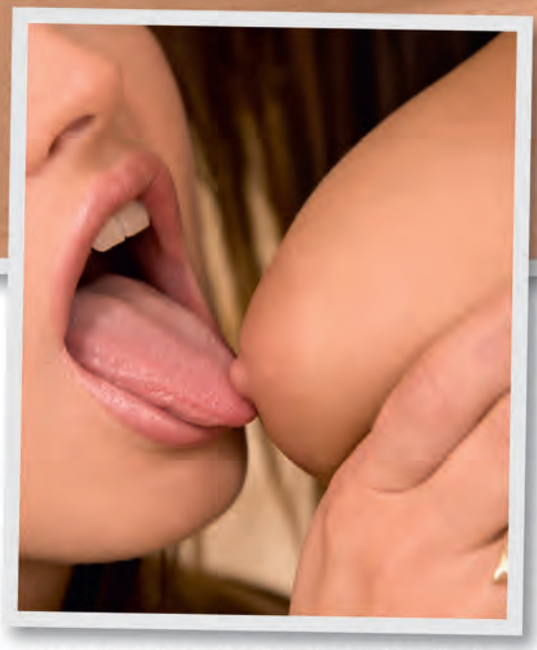
"I bent over the bed and stuffed his covered prick deep into my mouth…"

"Have you got any objections?" she asked.

No I fucking hadn't – Patricia was as sexy as fuck, and the thought that I was soon to be screwing her as well as my gorgeous girlfriend had my prick rock hard in seconds.

"Thought not!" Becs laughed, and motioned for me to go and sit between them.

I did as I was told, and the girls leaned across in front of my face, first of all kissing each other passionately (I'd long suspected they'd had a bit of a thing themselves back in the day, and that confirmed it for me) before



slipping their tongues into my mouth. From there it didn't take them long to work their way down to my cock, which sprang free from the confines of my jeans as soon as Becs had unzipped me.

First of all the girls took it in turns to plant little kisses on my helmet, but Patricia seemed to be pretty eager to get me in her mouth, and Becs gave way and let her have her head (as it were!), watching as her friend sucked my entire length into her mouth and started to slurp up and down on my pole.

She certainly knew what she was doing, swirling her tongue around my glans while her lips worked my shaft. Almost before I knew it I felt the sap rising in my balls, and I just about had time to warn Patricia what was on its way before I flooded her mouth with hot come. Without even stopping for breath she kept her lips clamped over my prick as I pumped my seed into her, gulping it down before she finally let my slippery dick fall from her mouth.

I was a bit abashed about having come so soon, but Patricia didn't seem too concerned.

"Right, now we've got that out of the way we can get down to some proper fucking," she said, before turning to Becs and asking her if it usually took me long to recover.

"Not usually!" she said, and she was dead right this time, because within a minute or so my cock was back to full hardness.

"That'll do me!" said Patricia, standing up, wriggling her panties down her long legs and hitching up her skirt to reveal a neatly trimmed bush. Without any further ado so straddled me and, looking me straight in the eye, lowered herself down onto my aching prick. The feeling as my helmet came into contact with her moist lips was electric, and she gave me a sly grin as I slipped inside her, the tightness of her hot cunt gripping my shaft beautifully as she slid all the way down until I was buried deep in her snatch.

I was glad I'd come already, because Patricia's cunt was incredibly tight, but I knew I'd be able to last a god while as she started to ride me, alternately bouncing up and down and grinding herself around on my prick. Becs, meanwhile, was sitting beside me, with one hand cupping my balls and the other working away on her own clit.

I have to say Patricia was a right horny little minx, and before long she'd pulled her top off to give me full access to her beautifully formed boobs. I busied myself licking and nibbling her stiff nipples while she pleasured herself on my cock until her pace suddenly got more urgent and she juddered through an impressive climax. I felt her juices slick my cock, and she stayed put for a minute or two while she got her breath back before clambering off. Becs didn't wait to take her place, and the sensation as my cock slid into a second pussy was amazing!

When Becci's feeling dirty she tends to like it hard and fast, so she must have been feeling absolutely filthy now because she really went for it, riding me for all she was worth until even my recently drained balls started to tingle again. She was frantically rubbing her clit as she rode me, and quickly brought herself to a huge orgasm, making her pussy walls clamp round my cock and teasing a second load from me deep into her willing cunt.

After that I was pretty well spent (well, for about an hour or so), and we got tidied up and got stuck into the wine I'd bought, but for the rest of Patricia's week-long stay we got up to all sorts, with the girls even putting on a lesbo show for me on a couple of occasions. To be honest, I'm surprised I've got the strength to write this letter, but I figured if I could get £50 for it it might be worth the effort!

David, Rochester. ♣

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Need something to stick in the DVD player when you missus is about? Well why not try these, then?

RATINGS: ★ WIND BAUER ★★ BAUER TRIP ★★★ ATOMIC BAUER ★★★★ JACK BAUER ★★★★★ BAUER TO THE PEOPLE!

24 Season 7 (20th Century Fox)

How many times can a single person save the world? Well, if it's Jack Bauer we're up to seven now – and counting! Man, and for the rest of us a good day's work generally involves avoiding the sack and not getting stuffed by the journey on the way home! Season seven sees Jack, having gone rogue in six, handing himself in to the US authorities to face the music for all those irregular interrogation techniques he's dished out, but of course things never run smoothly on planet Bauer, and those pesky terrorists quickly intervene again to set him off on another 24 hours of frantic, plot-foiling frenzy. Nice support work from the likes of John Voight and Cherry Jones (as America's first female president) fill things out nicely, and, as fans will already know, once you've tried Jack, you can't go back. ★★★★

Awaydays (Optimum Home Entertainment)

There have been a few quality films over the years about what it means to be young and British – *Quadrophenia* and *This Is England* spring to mind, and this recent flick from strong Pat Holden is a decent addition to the canon. Set in the post punk north, and featuring a classic soundtrack from the likes of Ultravox, Echo & the Bunnymen and Joy Division, it's a no-holds-barred look at footy violence, friendship and, inevitably, growing up. In other words, essential viewing for any old casuals out there! ★★★★

The Avengers Series 1 and 2 (Optimum Home Entertainment)

Along with the likes of *The Prisoner*, *The Avengers* is one of those TV shows that shaped Britain in the swinging sixties, with its camp, creepy and occasionally psychedelic storylines, but of course Patrick McNee's John Steed was up and running before the 60s started to swing, with the first series airing way back in 1961. There aren't many surviving episodes from that seminal first series (black and white, with no catsuited *femmes fatales*), but what there is has been digitally remastered, along with the second series (with Honor Blackman) and is lovingly presented in this boxset. Fans of classic TV give thanks. ★★★★

Entourage Season 5 (HBO Video)

Any series stamped with the HBO seal of approval has got to be worth a viewing, and *Entourage* is right up there with the best of them. Season 5 finds Adrian Grenier's up-and-coming A-lister Vince licking his wounds after the movie *Medellin*, which has taken up so much of the previous couple of season, bombs and goes straight to DVD. Can his career recover from a setback like that? Things don't look good, but thanks to the help, and occasional hindrance from E, Turtle and the gang, he's thrown a lifeline. Roll on season 6... ★★★★

Is Anybody There? (Optimum Home Entertainment)

Michael Caine's famed for appearing in films that are either classics or turkeys, but now that he's getting on a bit it seems he's finally decided to concentrate on roles that are a bit more interesting. Here Caine stars as Clarence, a retired and befuddled old magician who ends up in an old people's home, where he befriends the owners' troubled son Edward (Bill Milner, from *Son of Rambow*) and helps to bring him out of himself. At times touching, funny and sobering, this is a decent little Brit flick – and it's nice to see Leslie Phillips in there, too giving a typically lecherous turn. ★★★★

The Simpsons Season 12 (20th Century Fox)

Well what is there that we can possibly tell you about *The Simpsons* you don't already know – other than, perhaps, the fact that the 12th season has just been released on a four disc boxset which features all 21 episodes, which my executive desktop calculator tells me works out at a whopping 420 minutes of Homeric action. Sure, a lot of folks'll tell you it ain't as good as it used to be, but remember, these episodes were first aired way back in 2001, so frankly them folks are almost certainly talking out of their big yellow arses. Each episode's packed full of quality gags from start to finish – and you can't really ask for much more than that, can you? ★★★★★

13: Game Of Death (Revolver Entertainment)

We've all seen people on the telly do stupid stuff for fame and/or riches. Fancy eating kangaroo balls, or wanking a pig, anyone – or snuffling about in shit pretending you actually *are* a pig?! Well this Thai thriller follows the exploits of a failed salesman who's down to his last buck until a mysterious phone call offers him a fortune if he carries out a series of 13 tasks. They start off innocently enough with him killing a fly, but things escalate until wanking off pigs seems like the perfect pastime. In an age of reality TV, this is a neat skewering of modern values. ★★★★

Tipple X

Each issue, and purely in the interests of investigative journalism, Club's house dipso tracks down and taste tests some premium booze just so we can give you the lowdown. This month it maybe because we're Londoners...

Beefeater 24

What...

Beefeater? Why it's gin of course, man! You'll have seen the brand on the shelves every time you stumble off to the supermarket to top up your sideboard. In recent years Beefeater's been a bit eclipsed in the fashion stakes by a few other brands, but following a takeover by Pernod Ricard a few years back it's decided to fight back.

Why...

As you might expect, Beefeater's a London Gin, claiming to be the only globally recognised brand actually still being produced in the capital (in Kennington, in fact), but there are more reasons to go for it than mere regionalism. This new 24 variety, launched a year ago, is a real premium tipple, imbued with some distinctive notes thanks to the exotic mixture of botanicals that are soaked in the grain spirit for 24 hours. These include tangy oranges and grapefruit as well as some rather hard to track down teas from China and Japan, all overseen by master distiller Desmond Payne. Tea and gin – it doesn't get more English than that!

Where...

Well certainly not on some sort of Gin Lane style slum, that's for sure! Quite aside from it's enticing flavour, that beautifully crafted bottle demands some rather grand surroundings. Swish clubs would be favourite, but if you're having it at home, make sure you've got a special guest or two round.

When...

Special occasions, there are plenty of other gins if you just fancy swigging a G&T.

How...

If you're feeling really brave, their website (beefeater24.com) suggests an 'Everest' – which involves curry powder! We'd stick to a martini, though.

Who...

The Ed, who made off with it for an 'extended tasting'. ♣

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BI- BI- BABY

I'd never really let my guard down at work, and certainly never revealed my sexuality to my colleagues. To them I was just Sarah, the office temp. I didn't join in with all the sexual banter, but it never aroused suspicion.

However, there was one girl who somehow got through to my carefully guarded secret. Zoë really listened when we talked and somehow she seemed to hear things that I didn't actually say. She not only worked out I wasn't interested in boys, but she twigged that I was interested in her. She was gorgeous and flirty, with that certain something that just made you think "Wow!" I loved it when she flirted with me – keeping my little secret right where everyone in the office could see it. I fell for her in a big way. I told myself that I would do anything to see her naked, so when she said that she wanted to have a threesome with her boyfriend for his birthday, I volunteered without thinking through

"She shamelessly sat down and opened her legs, revealing her naked pussy."

the consequences. I thought about backing out but she assured me that we were just going to put on a little lesbian show for him and that she wouldn't allow any touching.

So on the next Saturday Zoë and I went shopping, buying a matching set of expensive, revealing underwear. It was nice having a girly shop although my mind was full of Zoë and what we had planned for later on in the day. I couldn't wait! Evidently, neither could she. She slipped into a changing room and then invited me in as she slipped out of her clothes.

Within seconds, it seemed, she was completely naked and I drank in her body, my eyes dropping from her firm boobs, down her flat stomach to her shaved pubic mound. My eyes locked there, and she shamelessly sat down and opened her legs, revealing her naked pussy. I couldn't believe this was happening, especially in a busy shop's changing room!

I moved down for a closer look, kneeling between her legs and suddenly I was in there, mouth closing around her hot flesh. I could feel the nub of her clitoris and flicked it gently, sucking it into my mouth. It was fiery and passionate – weeks of build-up and fantasy suddenly here, real! Within moments she spasmed and even the desperately muffled moans seemed too loud to go unnoticed when surrounded on all sides by happy shoppers.

After a few moments to recover, Zoë stood up and started to undress me. My clothes came off easily enough, and then she made to pull down my knickers. I tried to resist but was terrified of making any more noise. Down they went and I stopped resisting.

She manoeuvred me until I was sitting on her lap with my legs splayed. I felt my bra come undone and slide off and was mesmerised as I watched her examine my naked flesh in the mirror opposite. Her fingers slid down my unresisting body and I watched as they approached my pussy. I knew it was going to happen but I wasn't ready for the intensity of the pleasure and took a loud intake of air.

"Is everything alright in there?" A voice asked through the door.

"Yes thanks, just be a minute," Zoë answered. Her fingers felt so good on my pussy. I didn't want it to end and managed to delay the inevitable orgasm, but not for long. It ripped through me with ferocious intensity but as soon as I could stand on my wobbly legs we were throwing our clothes on and rushing out, giggling all the way.

I wasn't sure how it was going to work, putting on a lesbian show for a guy I'd never met.

However, Zoë had it all well planned and I just had to play my part. She led Chris into the room and set him down on the sofa. He looked wary but as she pulled open his trousers and tugged out his cock and wanked it slowly into action, I could see him settle back and accept what Zoë had planned.

She paraded me around and stripped my clothes off one by one until I was left in just my stockings, then she kissed me and I melted. As she pulled me down on top of her, I was very conscious that I was displaying my bare bottom and pussy to this man, but it was actually giving me an even greater thrill to be doing exactly what I wanted to Zoë whilst he watched, and I decided to take full advantage of the situation. I took over and soon had Zoë in the throes of ecstasy, I went down on her again but this time I had no restrictions and I let her have my full repertoire of tricks. My tongue flicked across her sensitive clit, into her pussy and down to her arsehole. She seemed to respond to this more than anything else, and after a bit of teasing I pushed my finger into her anus. Instantly, she went off like a sexual firework.

After a string of orgasms she was asking me to stop as she couldn't take any more. Then she told me it was my turn, and asked if she could fuck me. I didn't really know what I was agreeing to, but from a hidden corner she pulled out a strap-on with short fat cock, complete with balls. I'd never had anything like that girth inside my little pussy and I doubted very much if it would actually fit. However, Zoë was very enthusiastic about how it felt inside her and with an enormous amount of lube and a few minutes with her fingers working their magic inside me, I was ready to give it a go. She moved into position and pressed it gently into my crotch. It was so big that it didn't seem possible. However, soon I could feel myself opening up in a new and exciting way. At first the pressure didn't seem to be doing much but I felt my pussy yield and suddenly it was inside me. It felt absolutely amazing and it was sinking deeper inside all the time. I couldn't believe it. Then I felt the pressure suddenly increase and I could see Chris mounting Zoë from behind. I saw a slightly puzzled look cross her face, then a look of realisation.

Zoë looked down into my eyes, "Oh my God," she said, "he's trying to put it into my arse!" The breath caught in my throat. She wasn't trying to stop him. I couldn't believe what was happening but as he pressed into her, the pressure was forcing the strap-on cock deeper and deeper into me until I felt the 'balls' against my labia as it fully entered me. I had the whole thing inside me. My mind reeled at the thought of that huge plastic monster nestling inside my pussy but just at that moment, Zoë's face scrunched up in ecstasy as a fat cock sank into her backside. She lowered her head until her lips were nuzzling my neck. I could hear every little moan of pleasure as Chris started to fuck her arse, and every little movement set off a chain-reaction in my pussy as it was stretched and pulled with each thrust. As Chris quickened his pace the tiny

movements were building me towards a perfect orgasm. I held my breath, willing it to crash over me. I was totally at the mercy of Chris's rhythm but we were somehow perfectly synchronised and suddenly my whole body was writhing and arching uncontrollably.

As I finally came down from my sexual high, Chris moved round and held his throbbing cock out for Zoë to take deep into her mouth but somehow, without even thinking about it, I found myself reaching up and pulling it down into my own. As my lips closed around a cock for the first time, I could taste the delicious tang of Zoë's anal juices, but as I looked up into her startled face, I suddenly realised what I was doing. But it was too late, I felt it twitch and jerk and suddenly the familiar taste of Zoë was washed away by a salty surprise as my mouth was flooded with spunk. It filled almost instantly as Chris' cock spat repeatedly into me.

As he withdrew, I could see the look of amusement on Zoë's face – she knew that I was trying to work out what to do with my unexpected mouthful of spunk and I think I surprised myself more than anyone by giving her a wink and swallowing.

"Oh my God!" she almost screamed, "did you just swallow my boyfriend's spunk?"

I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue in reply. Chris probably didn't realise the significance of what I'd done, although by the grin on his face he was deeply satisfied nonetheless. Zoë, however, won't let me forget it. She says that I'm the only 'spunk-swallowing lesbian' she's ever heard of and she's got a fantasy that she wants me to fulfil, where she's on the bottom of a 69 with me and her boyfriend is fucking my arse. I'm not so sure about this one, but my problem is that I'd do anything for Zoë, so I couldn't rule it out...

Sarah, Nottingham.

MULTI-WHORE-Y CAR PARK

I've always had a thing for guys in positions of authority, so when my firm got a new boss recently, I pulled out all the stops to try and impress him.

I gave him full benefit of my charms as I dressed up for him in a series of tight business suits that showed off my tits and long legs.

Mark was a bit of a hunk anyway so flirting with him came pretty naturally. He seemed to like staring at my cleavage and allowed me to sit on the edge of his desk whenever he wanted to dictate a letter. I always flashed an acre of thigh and started to wear black stockings, as I've never met a guy who didn't like lusting after a pair of nylons.

He took the bait, and it wasn't long before he was keeping me late and taking me for lunch and the odd dinner date.

Coming back from one such business lunch, he casually rested his hand on my stockinged thigh and started to tell me how crucial I was to the company.

My pussy was getting juicy as he continued paying me compliments and stroking higher and higher up my leg until the hem of my mini was above my stocking tops. Deciding that I wanted his cock in me, I slipped my hand between his legs and squeezed the bulge in his trousers. We looked at each other, smiled, and Mark roared into a multi-storey car park and headed for the top floor.

Pulling into a remote corner, Mark flipped his seat belt open and turned to kiss me, his hand thrusting up my skirt and his fingers rubbing my cunt through my panties. His tongue pushed into my mouth and I unzipped his suit trousers, groping inside for his dick. We snogged frantically as he tore at my blouse, dragging my tits clear of my bra and pinching the nipples hard. He stopped kissing my mouth and moved down to my breasts, slurping and sucking them as I wanked his cock to full erection.

Half stripped, we clambered into the back seat of the Merc and Mark dragged my panties down to my ankles. With me facing the rear window he gripped my buttocks and without warning stuffed his tongue into the crack of my arse, pressing the tip into the tight opening of my bum.

Shocked, I tried to turn round but Mark was strong and slid a finger into my gooey cunt from behind as he licked my rear. Fuck, he was good, and as his thumb got to work on my clit, I came over his fingers, dribbling fanny juice into his hand and over his wrist. Mark pushed his tongue deep inside my arse and spread saliva all around my twitching hole. Pulling his finger from my sticky twat, Mark eased it inside my arse and twisted it all the way up to the second knuckle.

Now, I've always liked bum sex but never usually as a first fuck, so I was a bit surprised at how forward Mark was being, but the smell of the leather and the scent of power was a great aphrodisiac and I even started to push back against his probing finger.

When he withdrew his digit from my tight rear I knew what was coming next and I didn't have long to wait. He positioned himself behind me and pressed the tip of his cock against my lubricated bumhole. I helpfully held apart my arsecheeks as he leant forward, the head of his meat making it past my muscle and into my backyard tube. He felt huge as he slowly stuffed his length all the way in, until his balls bashed against my buttocks. I felt so full of prick that I daren't attempt to move in case he split me in two, but as he began to pull out of me and then slide right back in, the lovely warm sensation in my arse took over and I reached down to my clit to pleasure myself.

The whole car shook as he fucked me in the rear, faster and faster, slamming his thick dick like a plunger up my bum. He grabbed handfuls of my swinging breasts as he plugged my butt, mauling the mounds of soft flesh as he worked himself towards orgasm.

My arse felt like it was on fire as I came over my own fingers, and the pulsing of my fanny must have worked its magic on Mark's pumping cock as I felt him tense and the sperm shoot up his shaft. A second later jets of spunk blasted deep up my arse as he ground his crotch against my buttocks and moaned with lust.

After the last drop of seed had drained from his meat, Mark pulled out of me and a stream of semen immediately cascaded from my tender hole onto the leather seat and over my stockings. He watched as I licked it up and cleaned his dick with my mouth too.

I'm pretty certain my job is safe, as my boss knows I'll bend over backwards – and forwards – to make him happy!

Josie, Bromsgrove. ♣

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?
Send your bum banter to: **Peaches, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1D 7AW**, or you can e-mail them to us at ***clubint@paulraymond.com***. There's £50 for every letter we print, so remember to include your name and address. Don't worry, we'll change all the names to protect the not-so-innocent!

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Filth Cums First 4 (Digital Playground)

First girl up here goes by the name of Chase, so without any further ado, let's cut to her. To get herself in the mood she has a little wank, with a couple of glass dildos wedged up each hole, until two fellas arrive and take their places. She's quite a dirty one, and by the time she's dribbled two loads of jizz down her chin, all but the steeliest of reviewers should be ready to add one of their own. Busty Indian babe Priya goes a bit loopy during her dicking, next, before cute Kristina Rose submits to a prolonged backdoor pronging. A spit-roasting for curvy Brit Carmel Moore keeps things (and viewers) chugging along nicely, before the final scene sees covergirl Jenny Hendrix playing an extended lead break with her arse on some lucky bloke's dick. Filth? Yes, although to be honest we've seen ruder... ★★★

EuroAnal Chicks (Private)

Here at *Club* we've had a hard spot for European chicks who enjoy bummery, so this one looks suitably review-worthy. Bob-haired cutie Cassey's first on the scene, fingering and dildoing her well-oiled arse before her impressively-cocked stud joins in to deliver a very solid anal drilling. Next girl Liz is clearly something of an arse aficionado, loosening her jacksie up with a whopping fake cock before two real ones give it a proper stretching. There's loads more in a similar vein, with hugely-titted Jessica Moore and occasional *Club* girl Simony Diamond getting in on the act along the way. For anal fans, this is a surefire winner. ★★★★

Blonde Ambition (Jules Jordan Video)

Directed by Erik Everhard, this is no-nonsense gonzo starring five pretty cute specimens getting to grips with a selection of either one, two or three cocks. Scene one's Keri Sable looks like a sweet young thing, and she likes being slapped round the face with a cock, too. Ellen Saint, who's up next, is pretty damned hot as well, and after peeling aside her fluffy pink negligee for a fiddle she gets in the middle of a cracking DP, rounding things off with a couple of anal creampies. Jane Darling looks like a ballerina, but fucks like a pro as she accommodates three studs before Lauren Phoenix and then Maya Hills see us out in suitably slutty style. ★★★★

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PHOTOS: DARREN McCORMACK

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If only Peaches had been there, back in those days, we're pretty sure the whole experience would have been a lot more enticing. Let's face it, it'd have to be a pretty shit sort of game not to be livened up by the sight of a gorgeous young flamper like this peeling off her kit and fingering herself, wouldn't it?

Perhaps education ministers ought to introduce a weekly Peaches lesson into the curriculum in order to stop our kids turning into couch potatoes.

Then again, why waste her on lazy kids? ♣

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THE STRICTEST MISTRESSES

XXX LIVE DOMINATION

ONLY 36p per minute

HIGHLY EXPERIENCED

EXTREME DISCIPLINE

0984 560 0559

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. 18+. We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

HORNY WIVES

BORED AT HOME

AVAILABLE NOW FOR

filthy FUCKING

0984 560 0546

36p per minute

All calls are recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

LIVE SEX

ALL CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE plus 'Access Charge'

MATURE HOUSEWIVES OLDER, EXPERIENCED HORNY LADIES ONLINE NOW!	0984 560 0560
BARELY LEGAL GIRLS 18+ LOOKING FOR FUN? XXX CHAT 24 / 7	0984 560 0561
GENUINE SINGLE WOMEN SEXY SINGLES WAITING FOR YOUR CALL - NIGHT & DAY!	0984 560 0562
DOMINATION BY MISTRESS THE STRICTEST DISCIPLINE AWAITS YOU!	0984 560 0563

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. 18+. We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

BLACK BOOTY

HARDCORE EBONY RELIEF!

NEW 36p per minute

0984 560 0524

Calls Recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0208 114 2016.

CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE PLUS ACCESS CHARGE

SPANKING 0984 560 0525

A**L SEX 0984 560 0526

BIG WOMEN 0984 560 0527

Calls Recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0208 114 2016.

DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES

SEEKING NO-STRINGS FUCK SESSION!

36p PER MINUTE

I'M HOME ALONE & FEELING EXTREMELY HORNY

0984 560 0547

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

100% A**E LIVE 1-2-1

only 36p per minute

BACK DOOR WHORES

0984 560 0548

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

18+ TEEN SLUT

PUMP MY PUSSY FULL OF YOUR HOT CUM

FUCK ME HARD & DEEP IN MY HOT TIGHT PINK CUNT!

36p per minute

0984 560 0528

Calls recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

GRANNY

XXX CHAT 36p per minute

GAGGING FOR SEX!

LISTEN TO ME FINGER MY RIPE HOLE

SAGGY OLD SEX SLUT

0984 560 0549

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

DIRTY OLD BINT

OVER 50 FUCK

LIVE XXX CHAT

36p per minute

0984 560 0550

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

PURE FILTH

only 36p per minute

EXTREME PHONE SEX LINE

0984 560 0564

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

BLACK GIRLS

Bang my hot, black booty!

LIVE 1-2-1 FILTH

0984 560 0529

36p per minute

Calls recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

XXX FILTH LIVE

The filthiest fetish ever!

GET YOUR COCK OUT & CALL

ALL CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE plus 'Access Charge'

Sniff Damp Knickers	0984 560 0551
Strap on Mistress	0984 560 0552
Cum on my Toes	0984 560 0553
Lady Boys Special!	0984 560 0554

All calls are recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

FUCK MY BIG TITS

only 36p per minute

0984 560 0565

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. 18+ only. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

DIRTY PHONE SEX

STRICT DISCIPLINE 0984 560 0530

ORIENTAL BEAUTIES 0984 560 0531

DIRTY OLD GRANNY 0984 560 0532

Calls recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

MISTRESS SEEKS SLAVE

LIVE XXX 121

36p per minute

JUST BEG!

FOR ULTIMATE RELIEF

0984 560 0555

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

HARD SEX MILFS LIVE

36p per minute

CALL: 0984 560 0556

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

filthy LIVE 121

I'LL MAKE YOU CUM!

All calls cost 36p per minute

PARTY GIRLS	0984 560 0566
JUST 18	0984 560 0567
MATURE	0984 560 0568
DOMINATION	0984 560 0569
ASIAN BABES	0984 560 0570
PURE FILTH	0984 560 0571

WANK YOURSELF OFF WITH OUR HORNY SLUTS!

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. 18+ only. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

FILTHY LIVE 121 SEX

ALL CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE plus 'Access Charge'

KNICKER LOVERS	0984 560 0533
DOMINATION	0984 560 0534
FOOT FETISH	0984 560 0535
BIG TITS	0984 560 0536
JUST LEGAL FUN	0984 560 0537
BUM FUN!	0984 560 0538
ASIAN BABES	0984 560 0539
BLACK GIRLS	0984 560 0540
HOUSEWIVES	0984 560 0541
OLDER WOMEN	0984 560 0542
PURE FILTH	0984 560 0543

XXX filth only 36p per minute

CHICKS WITH DICKS Call: 0984 560 0544

Calls recorded and cost 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Service provided by Datapro Services Ltd. Careline: 0203 455 2145.

BIG JUGS LIVE SEX

ONLY 36p per minute

0984 560 0557

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+ We may send free promo SMS 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

DIRTY LIVE SEX FILTHY GRANNY

ONLY 36p per minute

0984 560 0558

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge' 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077. Datapro Services Ltd. CCL. 0203 455 2145.

FANCY A FUCK? CALL US NOW! 0203 898 0074

SLUTTY GRAN LOVES BIG COCKS!
"I'LL DO THINGS TO YOU THAT YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE!"
CALL OR TEXT NOW! 09823 461 753
TEXT ME NOW TO SWAP FILTHY MESSAGES & PICS!
Text: XSLUTS To: 89126
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

LET'S TALK FUCKING FILTH LIVE! 09097 453 169
Texting TEENS 18+
"I want you to fuck my smooth wet pussy!"
text XCUTE to 89126
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

XRATED
KINKY BITCH
THERE'S NO PLEASURE WITHOUT PAIN
09845 755 743
You must text the Mistress now. She demands it!
Text: XPERV To: 89126
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

CALL NOW TO HEAR ME FUCKING LIVE! 09823 461 756
TEXT ME NOW & SEE ME GET FUCKED OVER THE KITCHEN COUNTER!
Text: HWIVES To: 89126
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

HAVE YOU BEEN A BAD BOY?
CALL OR TEXT OFFICER PETRA TO SERVE YOUR PUNISHMENT!
09845 755 745
Text: OFFICER To: 89126
Texts cost £1.50 per msg received. Max 3 replies per msg sent

Worldwide Digital Media Ltd PO Box 143 BN18 8DF. Calls to 09097 cost 36p per min, 09823 calls cost 65p per min, & calls to 09845 cost £1.55 per min, plus your phone company's access charge. Live calls are recorded to comply with PSA Regulations. Live service provided by Luv2chat. Texts cost £1.50 per text received, max 3 replies per text sent. Standard network charges apply for texts sent. This is an adult fantasy entertainment text chat service with no possibility of meeting made or implied. Some automated messages may be sent for billing purposes. Service provided by Luv2text. Users must be over 18 and have the bill payer's permission, service details will appear on and be charged to your telephone bill. All models were over 18 years at time of photo. Text STOP to 69997 to stop service. We reserve the right to send you future promotional messages. Calls to 0203 and +44203 are for Credit card payments for Live Adult Chat. You must be over 18 years old and be the card holder or have the card holders permission to complete the transaction. Live chat billed in £ Sterling from £1.00 per minute. To opt out of receiving marketing messages text OPTOUT to 69997. Help line 033 33 13 00 18.

ONLY 36P PER MINUTE

★ IT'S A FILTHYCHEAP ★ WANKFEST!

ALL CALLS JUST 36P!

★ ALL GIRLS ARE ★ LIVE & 1-2-1

ONLY 36P PER MINUTE

0984 560 0419

0984 560 0420

0984 560 0425

KNICKERS
LIVE 1-2-1
BREATHE in my strong PUSSY STENCH FROM MY DAMP KNIX
I'LL HOLD THEM OVER YOUR FACE AND MAKE YOU BREATHE DEEP!
"Sniff my Kni
CALL NOW • CALL NOW • CALL NO

0984 560 0427

0984 560 0434

COUGARS
I'LL SHOW U FILTH YOU NEVER EVEN DREAMED OF!
XXX HARDCORE
I'LL RIDE YOU LIKE A WILD CAT!
FILL UP EVERY HOLE
WHEN I DECIDE I WANT YOU I DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER

0984 560 0452

BANGKOK CHICK BOYS
BEND ME OVER AND USE MY ARSE AS A CUNT!
I won't tell it'll be our little secret!
TOO HOT TO RESIST!
ALL NOW • CALL NOW • CALL N

0984 560 0456

LIVE1-2-1 • LIVE1-2-1 • LIVE1-2
POSH TOTTY
I always get what I want, and I want your COCK!
SPOILED LITTLE PRINCESS
YOUNG POSH & FILTHY
CALL NOW • CALL NOW • CALL NOW • CAL

0984 560 0460

0984 560 0462

Calls recorded. 36p per minute plus 'Access Charge'. Callers must be 18+. We may send free promo SMS. Send 'STOP' to 89077 to opt out. Datapro Services Ltd, Careline: 0203 455 2145.

MORE BACK ISSUES THAN YOU CAN SHAKE YOUR TACKLE AT!

GET THEM NOW @... WWW.PAULRAYMOND.XXX

Contact Real Local Girls Who FUCK for FREE Mob: 07441 915 553

ROLEPLAY GAMES SEX WITHOUT LIMITS!!! YOU MIGHT LIKE IT
0908 145 0500

LISTEN TO GRAN
HAVING A SERIOUSLY HARDCORE FUCK ON THE PHONE HEAR HER CUNT GET POUNDED
"HEAR ME CUM -LIVE"
0982 505 1103 35p per minute

50 YEAR OLD SHARON 35p per minute
OLD BIRD READY FOR DIRTY FILTHY FUCKING
0982 505 0561

COUNCIL ESTATE GRANNY
ROUGH AS FUCK
35p PER MINUTE
SLIDE INTO MY SAGGY WET OLD CREAMY FANNY
SHES HAPPIEST WHEN SHE'S FULL OF DICK-ANY HOLE!
0982 505 0589

HEAR & WANK
"GRAB YOUR COCK & WANK - LISTEN TO ME SLIDE MY FINGERS IN"
FILTHY SHIT DIRT CHEAP 35p PER MINUTE
BEST WANK EVER
0982 505 0581

30 SEC WANK with our Grannies 35p
0982 505 1103
CHEAPEST GRANNY WANK!

18+ 'N' EAGER TO PLEASE
"listen to me frigg my wet teenage fanny"
35p
0982 505 2074

Black girls FUCK dirtier
35p per minute
SUPER SEXY BLACK FILTH
"Fuck My Black Holes"
0982 505 0602

TEEN 18+ JUST LEGAL
Listen as she fucks her TIGHT virgin pussy!
0908 145 2668

30-SECOND PHONE CUM LINE
35p per minute
HORNY GIRLS AT HOME DRIPPING WET AND LEGS OPEN WIDE READY!
0982 505 2075

COCK & BALL TORTURE
OBEY YOUR MISTRESS
35p per minute
Submit PUSSY Boy
0982 505 1605

Thai Babes
stretch their tiny tight holes wide open
35p per minute
0982 505 1612

ladyboys WANT THEIR TIGHT ASSHOLES PENETRATED DEEP 35p per minute
Your Dirty Secret is Safe with Me
CALL 0982 505 1610

GRANNY SEX
55+ YEAR OLD
DIRTY OLD BIRD READY TO SPREAD HER CUNT WIDE OPEN
35p PER MINUTE
0982 505 1101

JUST LEGAL 18+
College Babes wank OFF now!
35p per minute
THEY HAVE NO SHAME
0982 505 1463

Milf sex
ONLY 35p per minute
"fuck me raw"
The Best Fuck You'll Ever Have!
0982 505 0573

CUCKOLD phone SEX
LET YOUR women get FUCKED
35p per minute
WATCH HER!!!
Listen To Her Taking A Monster COCK
0982 505 0569

NO BULLSHIT JUST HORNY SLUTS THAT LOVE A GOOD FUCKING
CUNT, A** & MOUTH
35p PER MINUTE
USE THE FUCKING LOT ENJOY
0982 505 1486

QUICK DIRTY RELIEF
CHEAP WANK
RELAX & UNZIP
JERK OFF WITH OUR HOT BI*CHES IN THEIR OWN HOMES. THIS IS 100% SPUNKED UP. WA*K WITH THEM NOW
CHEAP FILTH LIVE
GET READY TO SPUNK
0908 140 2460

horny Grandmother will take it up her bum!
Take advantage of her saggy old pussy now!
35p per minute
Call 0982 505 0414

Filthy Girls Who Can't Keep their Knickers on text: 07441 915 094

This Service is provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. 0982 Calls cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply. 0908 Calls cost 45p per minute + network access charges apply. Calls are recorded. Helpline: 0333 200 2321. All users must be aged over 18+ and have the bill payers permission. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile users may receive free promotional messages, call 0333 200 2321 to opt out of these. Payments@livelinesuk.com. This service is for entertainment purposes only.

Contact Real Local Girls Who FUCK for FREE Mob: 07441 915 553

35p PER MINUTE
PSYCHO FUCK
CALL NOW FOR LIVE DIRTY FUCKING
ITS SO INTENSE DIRTY ROUGH SEX - YOU'LL FUCKING LOVE IT
0982 505 0572

94 YEAR OLD GRANNY
WELCOMES ANY COCK SHE CAN GET
SHE FINGERS HER TIRED OLD CUNT JUST WAITING FOR MEN WHO JUST NEED A GOOD FUCK
35p per minute
X-RATED OAP SEX
0982 505 1460

See Dirty PICS of Girls Who FUCK For FREE text: 07441 915 094

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They're getting stuck in over at:

www.paulraymond.com/club

TEASE A CROWD!

So why don't we make it four?

PHOTOS: STEVE COLBY

We all like the idea of a threesome, don't we? But then what, exactly, is the point of a threesome in which all the participants are girls?

"Are you kidding?!" asked Anita when we were musing on this subject while the girls were getting ready for this shoot. "An all-female threesome is amazing! Can you imagine how great it feels, having one girl licking you out while another's sitting on your face, letting you lap away in turn at her slit?"

No, not really – although we're finding it pretty easy to imagine how great it would be to screw three girls at once.

Perhaps we could give that a try in a bit, eh? What do you say? Go on! ♣

TOP SHELF TV
ON SKY CHANNEL 917

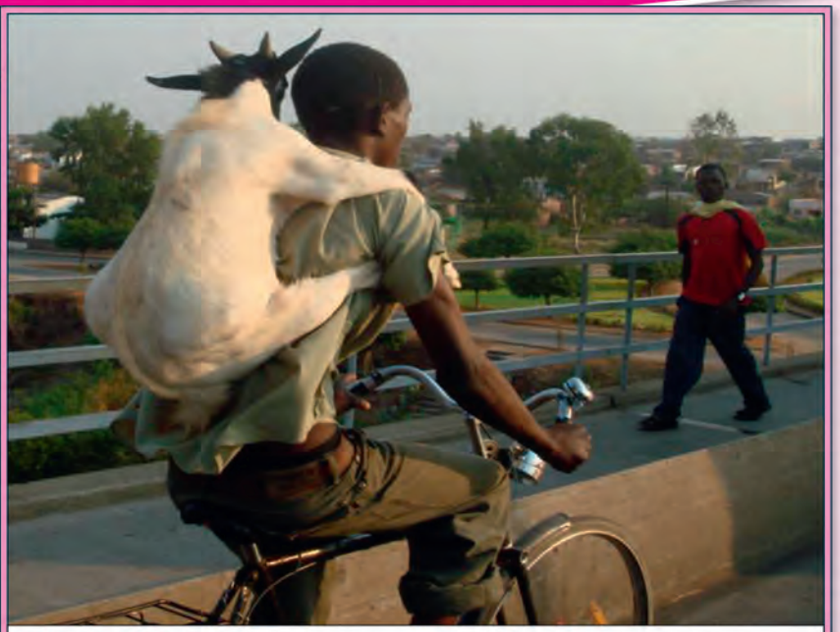
Add your tuppence worth by going to:

www.paulraymond.com/club

STICK IT IN THE REAR!

CHECK OUT MORE RUBBISH THAT'S BEEN FILLING UP OUR INBOX. GOT MORE TO SEND? GET IT OVER TO clubint@paulraymond.com

BEAR-FACED CHEEK
He'd obviously heard rumours they were shooting a new Fox's Glacier Mints commercial without him.

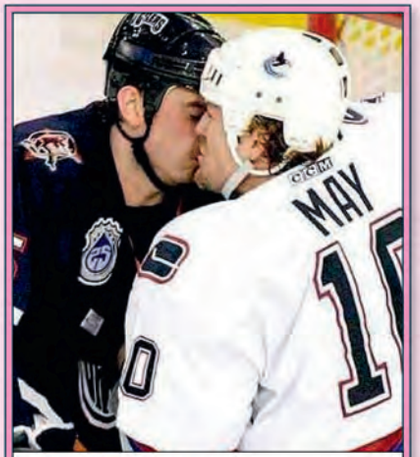


I'LL GET MY GOAT
Portable refreshment will be de rigeur at the 2010 Tour de France. Nah, we're only kidding...

EAR WE GO
They promised us jetpacks years ago, but they're still fucking about with ear cameras. Get a shift on!

CHEATING HUSBAND
While his devoted wife was taking care of his sick Mother, Linnie was having affairs with two women at the same time.
(Luann & Vivian)

TROUBLE AND STRIFE
Opposite this he put up a 'Bucket Cunt wife' sign. Perhaps.



ICE TO SEE YOU
Shortly after this pic was taken they started pucking.

TANKS FOR THE MEMORIES
Calm down dear, it's only a... big fuck-off tank through my windscreen. What's the excess on that?

LOO MUST BE JOKING
The perfect vehicle for dropping the kids off at the pool. The little shits. After that he's doing a job for Mr Brown.

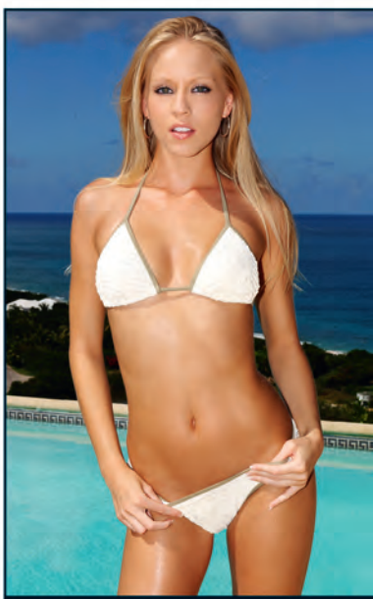
EXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISS

ISSUE 38.12
ON SALE
5TH NOVEMBER
2009

BAILEY...

SHE WANTS YOU TO TASTE HER SPECIAL CREAM!

"Hello, I am Angela from somewhere in Europe. I have boobs!"



Brea says she'd like you in her deep end. Veruca socks optional!

See that little bit of Nicola's bum? There's more of that to come!

Contact Real Local Girls Who F*CK for FREE Mob: 07441 915 553

CHEAP W*NK LINES

CALL NOW & SHOOT YOUR LOAD

35p per minute

Milf

0982 505 1600 - DIRTY FILTHY PHONE SEX
0982 505 1601 - FILTHY GRANNIES F*CK ROUGH
0982 505 1602 - CUM RELIEF IN SECONDS
0982 505 1603 - GRANNY WANTS MORE SEX!!!
0982 505 1604 - SQUEEZE INSIDE MY TIGHT C*NT
0982 505 1610 - BLACK GIRLS DO IT DIRTIER
0982 505 1605 - SWEET TEEN 1ST TIMERS 18+
0982 505 1606 - SAGGY GRANNY BUCKET C*NT
0982 505 1609 - 50+ GAGGING FOR SEX NOW
0982 505 1607 - BIG TITTED GIRLS VERY F*CKABLE
0982 505 1608 - VERY HORNY TEENAGERS 18+

(Call cost 35p per minute + your phone company's access charge)

C*CK & BALL PUNISHMENT SUBMIT PU*SY BOY

35p per minute

0909 864 1065

(Call cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply)

Best W*nk YOU'LL EVER HAVE

40+ Nympho MILFs Welcome Everyone

Call 0909 864 1027

(Call cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply)

35p Cheap Phone Sex

SPEEDY DIRTY SEX 0909 864 1225

(Call cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply)

Text Filthy Girls for Dirty Sex / Naked Pics : 07441 915 094

84 YR OLD GRANNY WELCOMES ANY C*CK SHE CAN GET

GRANNY FR*GGS HER TIRED OLD C*NT JUST WAITING FOR MEN WHO NEED A F*CK

0982 505 1491

(Call cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply)

0908 145 0514 - Kinky Sex NO Taboos - Unimaginable Filth
0908 145 0529 - Young Teens 18+ Smooth Fannys and Tight Slits
0908 145 3042 - Roleplay - Extreme Filth Your Secret Is Safe
0908 145 3047 - Horny Step-mum Is Grateful For Any D*ck She Gets
0908 145 3054 - Strap On Insertion - Get Pounded Really Hard
0908 145 3061 - Grannys Need A Good Screw - All Takers Very Welcome
0908 145 3063 - Pu*sy Boy - Cock & Ball Torture - Submit To Your Mistress
0908 145 3042 - C*ck & Ball Punishment - Submit NOW Pu*sy Boy
0908 145 3072 - Horny Black Girls - Fill Their Black Ripe Holes
0908 145 3085 - Ladyboys Want Deep Penetration - Lubed Or Dry
0908 145 3097 - Horny Grandmother Will Make You Shoot Your Load
0908 145 3061 - 40+ MILFS Sexually Ripe - Just Gagging For SEX 24/7
0908 145 3063 - Mistress Gives Pure Humiliation Obey Your Mistress
0908 145 0514 - Granny Loves Sex, Dirty Old Birds Spread Wide
0908 145 3097 - Thai Sluts Stretch Their Tiny Holes For You
0908 145 3047 - Fetish F*ck Mates - Totally Hardcore
0908 145 3085 - 50 Plus Get Screwed By Willing Nympho MILFs
0908 145 0529 - Shocking Lesbians Who Enjoy Being Drilled In Every Hole

(Call cost 45p per minute + network access charges apply)

Horny Girls Just Want to Get Dirty With You text: 07441 915 094

This Service is provided by LiveLines UK Ltd. 0909 864 & 0982 Calls cost 35p per minute + network access charges apply. 0908 Calls cost 45p per minute + network access charges apply. 0909 466 Calls cost 65p per minute + network access charges apply. Calls are recorded. Helpline: 0333 200 2321. Must be 18+ and have the bill payers permission. PO6538 NN2 7YN. Mobile users may receive free promotional messages, call 0333 200 2321 to opt out of these. Payments@livelinesuk.com.